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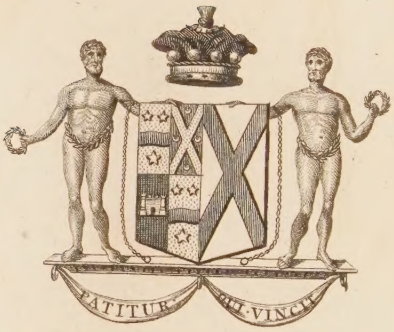

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THE

RISING SUN,

A

SERIO-COMIC

Satiric Romance.

BY

CERVANTES HOGG, F.S.M.

Eupolis atque Cratinus, Aristophanesque poetæ
Atque alii quorum comedia prisca virorum est:
Si quis erat dignus describi, quod malus, aut fur,
Quod mœchus foret, aut sicarius aut alioqui
Famosus, multa cum libertate notabant.
Hor. Sat. 4, l. 1.

When Aristophanes' satiric rage,
The wit of Eupolis, Cratinus, swept the stage,
None, worthy to be shewn, escap'd the scene,
No public knave, or thief of lofty mien;
The loose adult'rer was drawn forth to sight,
The secret murth'rer trembling lurk'd the night,
Vice *play'd* itself, and each ambitious spark,
All boldly branded with the poet's mark.

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THE

Rising Sun.

CHAPTER I.

THE SWINISH MULTITUDE VINDICATED FROM THE VULGAR ATTACKS, AND STILL MORE VULGAR LANGUAGE, OF A WELL-KNOWN CALUMNIATOR AND APOSTATE.—PROXIES; THEIR USE IN MARRIAGE, HANGING, &c.—HOW TO PAY OFF OLD SCORES.—A CURIOUS ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

Master Quirke must certainly have been a *hog* himself to take the people's money out of their pockets for bespattering and stigmatizing as a *swinish multitude* the most numerous, the most industrious, consequently the most useful, and, we will add, the most worthy part of the human race; but there are men from whom praise would be a disgrace, and whose abuse is

retorted upon their own heads by the contempt of all men of sense and integrity, who well know the difference between wholesome plants and baneful or useless weeds; between industrious bees and indolent drones. Such rational observers must have also remarked that in all the modes of life and manners of the common people, they have generally their senses in perfection, of which the higher classes, from a vain ridiculous affectation of appearing as a different and superior order of beings, seem to have taken leave. In the article of marriage, for instance, the people think it necessary to see each other, and the gentleman usually says to the lady: *Arrah! will you marry me, my dear Ally Croaker?* or some other words to that effect. They do not choose, to use Mr. Quirke's elegant language, to buy a pig in a poke, as with them the bargain must last, for better for worse, during life. But the great folks, who affect to be above the vulgar passions of love and esteem, for which they have substituted convenience, and who regard divorces *à vinculo matrimonii*, *à mensâ et thoro*, and separations by mutual consent, as trifles light as air, do not care a pin whether they say

a single word to each other before they step into the same pair of sheets. As it is only a step in, it is only a step out again. They see each other by *proxy;* that is, through the intervention of painters, who too often flatter, particularly the great: they make love to each other by proxy, that is, by letters written with their own hands, if they have not thought the art of writing too *common* to learn it; if they have, the valet or waiting-woman, if they are not so fashionably unlettered as their master or mistress, or some other person performs the task: they marry by proxy, and being thus accustomed to the game of proxies before marriage, it is not to be wondered at if they continue to play it afterwards; and my lady produces an issue, whose florid complexion and athletic limbs proclaim that they were descended from some plebeian proxy, probably the coachman or groom of the family. The people have a great aversion to the doctrine of proxies, probably because it is an invention of the ecclesiastics, in which the good of the laity is very seldom consulted. The Pope represents himself as God's proxy on earth, and vends his mercies as a mountebank retails

his nostrums: the Protestant clergy, who have carefully exploded all the Romish customs but those which make for their own benefit, serve their churches (when they are served at all) by proxies, although they receive their tithes in person; and in imitation of this reverend example, many of our great men in office (we cannot call them *official* men) generally slattern over what they are obliged to do, by proxy. Butler ridicules this custom by making Hudibras ask Ralph whether a man may not be whipt by proxy, and Ralph resolves that he may not only be whipped but *hanged* by proxy; for which he brings a proof ecclesiastic:—

"Our brethren of NEW ENGLAND use
Choice malefactors to excuse,
And hang the guiltless in their stead
Of whom the churches have less need;
As lately 't happen'd: In a town
There liv'd a cobler, and but one,
That out of doctrine could cut use,
And mend men's lives as well as shoes.
This precious brother having slain,
In time of peace, an Indian,
(Not out of malice, but mere zeal,
Because he was an infidel)

The mighty TOTTIPOTTYMOY
Sent to our elders an envoy,
Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league held forth by brother Catch
Against the articles in force
Between both churches, his and ours;
For which he crav'd the saints to render
Into his hands or hang th' offender:
But they maturely having weigh'd,
They had no more but him o' th' trade,
(A man that serv'd them in a double
Capacity, to teach and cobble,)
Resolv'd to spare him; yet to do
The Indian Hoghgan Moghgan too
Impartial justice, in his stead did
Hang an old weaver that was bed-rid."

Now no vulgar person would, we believe, have any objection to be hanged by proxy; but in marriage they choose to perform *propriâ personâ*. The example of the great is, however, contagious to little weak minds, and hence we have lately seen among the vulgar a practice of making love by proxy, that is, by the intervention of the editor of a newspaper; but the fools generally either want money, or a wife to save the expence of hiring a nurse. Convenience is their excuse, as it was our Squire's, and it must be allowed to be as reasonable an excuse as

can be conveniently made for a marriage without inclination. Therefore, with all our deference for the Devil upon Two Sticks, or any other witty facetious devil, we must differ from Asmodeus in one instance. He would have a place in the Casa de los Locos (a Spanish madhouse) assigned to a gentleman who married purely for convenience. "This man," says Asmodeus, "no sooner gets a ducat than he spends it; and, as he cannot live without expence, makes any shift to get money. About a fortnight ago, his laundress, to whom he owed no lesss than 30 pistoles, came and dunned him for the money, saying she had an absolute occasion for it, as she was going to be married to a valet-de-chambre who courted her. Why then, says he, you must have got money besides this, for who the devil would marry you for 30 pistoles? I beg your pardon for that, said she, I have 200 ducats more Two hundred ducats! replied he; give them me, and I'll marry you, and so we shall be quit. She took him at his word, and he is now married to his washerwoman."—But in our humble opinion the gentleman could not have acted more reasonably.

He was troubled with such an infirmity that he could not retain his money, and could not make a more prudent choice of a wife than one who had proved herself to be a kind of strong coffer. Besides he would have no more laundresses' bills to pay. Our Squire was troubled with a similar infirmity, and resolved to marry for a similar convenience; but his bride was a more suitable one, as her family was as ancient as the Squire's, We beg the reader's pardon for stooping to custom so far as to make use of the word *ancient* with respect to families, for we all know that any such distinction must be ridiculous when all men sprung from the same, Adam and Eve. The Squire's intended bride had, indeed, no fortune, and therefore whatever else belonging to her might melt at the sight of our Squire, she could not, as the widow tells Hudibras,

"Dissolve her graces int' his pocket."

But the tenants were not quite so closely shorn but that some clips might be taken off their backs and sides here and there. The authors of the marriage imagined themselves very ingenious in devising a plan by which the Squire's debts would be paid without the Squire's breaking his

word of honour not to call upon them again. They were not to ask the tenants to pay his debts, but to settle such an establishment as would enable him to pay them, and to live suitably to his rank. The weakest of the tenants could see through this flimsy evasion, and if their opinion had been asked upon it, they would have replied that there was no difference between paying a toyman a halfpenny for a toy which a child had bought of him, or giving the child a halfpenny to pay for the toy; they would perhaps have added, that though great men might *think* that little ones were fools, yet the little ones were *sure* that the great ones were very often fools and oftener somewhat worse.

But to return from this zigzag excursion into the plain road of our history. As the Squire's manners were too dissolute to permit him to entertain the idea of wearing the conjugal yoke till he had trammelled himself again with debts, and necessity had pointed out to him,

> "What graces must that lady have
> That can from executions save!
> What charms that can reverse extent,
> And null decree and exigent!

What magical attracts and graces
That can redeem from *scire facias!*
From bonds and statutes can discharge
And from contempt of court enlarge!"

—His next brother Frederick had married a daughter of Eagle Frederic; but Mrs. Frederick Gildrig having afforded no signs of giving a heir presumptive to the seignory, the Squire was applied to by his *frugal* parents, who hinted that the tenantry would not only disincumber him, but would increase his income if he would give them reason to expect a future lord in a lineal descendant. The Squire, seeing no other mode of extricating himself from his difficulties, not even by selling the *duplicate* of his honour which he had *pawned* to its full value, acquiesced in putting his head into the marriage noose with the best grace possible; but he had still a methodistical kind of mental reservation, and intended only,

"To swear and after to recant
The solemn league and covenant."

The *philosophy* with which he quitted his old chronicle, Mrs. Fitzwaddle, was, however, supposed to have been occasioned by the *hauteur*

of the lady herself. It is no new thing, reader, for a woman to teach a man philosophy, for Socrates the wisest man among the Greek heathens, as we Christians charitably style them, and as they themselves with equal charity styled all other nations barbarians, declared that he owed the principal part of his philosophy to his wife. The reader most probably knows that when she had driven him out of door by her superior force of oratory, and he had taken his seat calmly on a bench before the door, she went up stairs and emptied the jordan out of the window on his bald pate; upon which the philosopher only observed, that so much thunder must naturally be followed by a shower. Christina, queen of France, caused to be engraven on the breech of her battering train, that is, her artillery, these words: "*Habet sua fulmina Juno*," Juno has her thunder; and since Juno, there have been very few of her sex who have been without it. As lightning precedes thunder, so flashes of indignation from female eyes announce the forthcoming thunder of their tongues, and probably the assault and battery of their hands, which burst over the heads of their unfortunate Jupiters

with all the uproar of Vulcan and his Cyclops forging thunderbolts in Mount Ætna. These domestic storms, which are now denominated *curtain lectures*, from their being practised by people who value their reputation, when they have retired from the eyes of all the rest of the world, teach a man philosophy, of which patience is a principal ingredient. It likewise arouses him from that lethargy which, if his days and nights were to flow on in an uninterrupted series of tranquillity, would soon make him forget the duties which he has to perform; and it makes him sensible of the sweets of repose after a storm. The Squire too became a bit of a philosopher, and by the same means as Socrates had mounted to that dignity. Whether the choler of his Xantippe, Mrs. Fitzwaddle, had been roused by the rumour of his intended marriage, or by some other act of infidelity or source of lovers' wranglings, she once so far forgot the decorum of her sex, and the *dignity* of her lover, as to have the *imprudence* to throw the contents of a coffee cup, grounds and all, into his face. Yes, reader, the *Rising Sun* was eclipsed by a coffee cup! His love might have overlooked

the injury; but his *honour* would not permit him to forget it. He recollected that if, instead of the coffee cup, she had happened to have had the same implement in her hands with which Xantippe assailed Socrates, his honour would have sustained a mortal injury by being pelted, like Hudibras, with case shot of nauseous smell as

> 'T had been chew'd with teeth
> Of some that had a stinking breath.

Like Hudibras, therefore, he resolved to retreat from a contest whence no honour was to be gained, but his own was endangered. Mrs. Fitzwaddle now carried her *grey hairs*, not into obscurity, but to an elegant villa, which was secured to her, with a very large annual pension, and the enjoyment of all the jewels which the Squire had presented to her. The Freelanders imagined that they should hear no more of her, and that she had retired to confess her sins and repent them, as it was high time for her to do. They were more generous than Horace who insults Lydia, a similar character, for her former haughtiness, and tells her that she is now grown old and, in return for her former insolence, forsaken by all the young men; they would

willingly have forgotten both her and her frailties; but besides the lady and her confessor, the devil made a trio behind the curtain, and they composed together some additional scenes to the Farce of the Devil to Pay, for public representation, so soon as the stage could be prepared for the occasion.

CHAPTER II.

THE SQUIRE'S WEDDING AND NUPTIAL PROCESSION, WHICH, THE AUTHOR FLATTERS HIMSELF, IS UNRIVALLED BY ANY ANCIENT OR MODERN WRITERS.—HINTS TO A POET LAUREAT AND MUSICAL COMPOSER FOR AN EPITHALAMIUM.

Miss Caroline, the daughter of one Farmer Brownwig, was pitched upon as the Squire's bride; the Squire had never seen her, but as it was wholly indifferent to him to what kind of person he was chained, if chained he must be; he made no obstacle on that account. Several persons of distinction belonging to the household were sent to bring the bride, who lived in a distant part, to Freeland mansion-house in a manner suitable to her station. She was most cordially received by the generous Freelanders, who, seeing her both young and handsome, hoped the Squire would be pleased with his *bargain*, for so it certainly was on his side.

They also imagined that, like the Spanish gentleman who, after marrying his washerwoman, would have no more laundresses' bills to pay, the Squire, after receiving the hand of a young and beautiful woman, would call on them to discharge no more mistresses' bills. The outset of this marriage treaty was, however, attended with some very inauspicious circumstances, which presaged its unhappy event. Whilst the bride was on her journey to Freeland, the bridegroom, having lost Mrs. Fitzwaddle, solaced himself in the arms of the reverend Mrs. Villars, who was in the way upon all occasions. When the news arrived that the bride had crossed the moat which surrounded the manor, this very Mrs. Villars was pitched upon to go to her with clothes more suitable to her first public appearance than her travelling dress, and she actually arrayed with her own hands the innocent unsuspecting victim, whom she intended to sacrifice at the shrine of her jealousy and ambition. If the Squire had meant fairly towards his intended bride, would he have permitted this adultress, reeking from his bed, to have been her

most immediate attendant? There can be but one opinion on that subject.

As the bride proceeded towards the mansion-house, the Freelanders greeted her with every mark of esteem and respect as their future lady. The Squire received her with that well-bred ease which suffers no discomposure; and when they sat down to dinner, Mrs. Villars was placed at the very same table!

On the morning appointed for leading the bride to the altar,—(it was literally an altar to her, as her person and reputation were to be sacrificed upon it,) the processions were marshalled with all the splendour due to the solemnity of the occasion, and the rank of the parties. The arrangements were made as follow:

The Procession of the Bride.

Drums and Trumpets.

Officers of the Household.

The BRIDE,

led by one of the Bridegroom's Brothers, and having her train borne by four unmarried daughters of the principal Tenants.

Waiting-women, &c.

The Procession of the Bridegroom.

French-horns.

Officers of the Household.

A Pursebearer,

bearing an enormously large empty purse, open at both ends.

The Bridegroom.

Some of the Principal Tenants.

The Procession of the Lord and Lady.

A Band of Wind Instruments.

Chief Officers of the Household.

The rest of the Bridegroom's Brothers.

The Sword of Justice,

borne by a blind woman, who represented Astrea, and was led by two Lawyers, who guided all her steps.

Other Officers,

bearing the Archives of the Manor, in which the rats, or some other vermin, had made so many holes that what remained was scarcely intelligible.

Principal Tenants.

The Lord.

His chief Attendants.

The Lady.

The Bridegroom's Sisters,

supported by the Sons of the principal Tenantry.

Six Maidens!!!!!!

or calling themselves so.

The principal Female Attendants.

When the procession had entered the church, and the ceremony was performed, the vocal

choir struck up an anthem or *epithalamium*, which was attended with the following most ludicrous circumstance. The bard, and musical composer of the household had been enjoined to prepare the epithalamium; but having met, on the day previous to the wedding-day, to club their joint strength and compare syllables with notes, in order to display their best abilities; they had unfortunately drunk so deeply, not of the Piërian Spring, but of the cask of wine which was attached to the bard's yearly salary, as a stimulus to his wit, that Pegasus flung the bard, and Apollo was completely put to the rout by Bacchus. Finding themselves thus deserted by their tutelar deity, they resolved to have recourse to Mercury, (which is no uncommon thing in both professions,) and to filch what they could not manufacture. The bard betook himself to his books, and the composer to his old *scores*. The former, on turning over the Index of Butler's Hudibras, discovered the article of marriage, which was *à-propos* to his occasion; and the latter having very fortunately found a piece of old music which would suit the measure of the poetry, they mutually congratulated each other

on their success, and their task was soon completed. The old MS. which is our authority, leaves out the music; which omission the amateurs of the present day have little reason to regret; but it preserves the poetical shaft, which was as follows:—

EPITHALAMIUM PERFORMED ON THE JOYFUL OCCASION OF THE NUPTIALS OF SQUIRE GEORGE GILDRIG AND MISS CAROLINE BROWNWIG.

There are no Smithfield bargains driv'n,
Nor marriages clapp'd up in Heav'n,
And that's the reason, as some guess,
There is no Heav'n in marriages;
Two things that naturally press
Too narrowly to be at ease:
Their business there is only love
Which marriage is not like t' improve.

CHORUS.

No matter, so each tenant gives a loose
To joy, and kills, for golden eggs, his goose.

Marriage is but a beast, some say,
That carries double in foul way;
And therefore 'tis not to b' admir'd,
It should so suddenly be tir'd;
A bargain at a venture made
Between two parties in a trade,

For what's inferr'd by t' have and t' hold
But something pass'd away and sold.

CHORUS.

Yes, tenants, something pass'd away and sold,
The show is past, and now put down your gold.

As the same fashion reigned in that as in the present day, both with the performer and audience, of wholly disregarding the words, and attending only to the music, it will not seem incredible to modern amateurs, who declare themselves ravished at an Italian opera, although they do not understand a syllable of any other language but their native one, and that very imperfectly, that this burlesque composition was pronounced to be a *chef-d'œuvre* of poetry and music by all who read it. The authors, however, had too much *modesty* to suffer it to be published; and the MS. mentions that the poetry was accidentally discovered among the bard's papers after his decease.

The day concluded with fireworks, bonfires, and other demonstrations of joy on the part of the tenants.

CHAPTER III.

HOW TO NICK THE PUBLIC.—THE SQUIRE'S LADY PRESENTS HIM WITH A DAUGHTER.—THE WHIMSICAL WAY WHICH HE TAKES TO SHEW HIS JOY ON THE OCCASION, AND HIS GRATITUDE TO THE TENANTS WHO CONGRATULATE HIM ON IT. —A SEPARATION BETWEEN MARRIED FOLKS IN HIGH LIFE CONTRASTED WITH THAT OF THOSE IN LOW.—ON THE DIFFERENT TASTE OF MEN FOR FEMALE BEAUTY.

The tide of popular joy was not suffered to ebb before the reckoning was called for. Within some few days after the marriage, Vortex brought a message from the Lord to the Common-hall, importing that he relied on their generosity to settle an establishment on the bridegroom and bride, but that no settlement could be effectually secured to the former unless he was previously cleared from his incumbrances; that he did not propose to them any other means of paying

these debts than the application of part of the money which should be settled on the Squire to that purpose; and that he would readily concur in any plan for regular arrangement of the Squire's expenditure, and for guarding against the possibility of his being again involved. Vortex wound up the message by declaring that it was certainly necessary to remove all clogs and embarrassments from the Squire's affairs, in order to enable him to support his *dignity* and *splendour*. He proposed two heads for consideration: the punctual payment of the debts already contracted, and that *no further debts should be incurred*. But what security could they have for the latter? Who breaks one promise, will break a thousand, and even his oath. One of the delegates (a Mr. Greygoose) declared he was as great a friend to the real dignity and splendour of the Lord's family as Vortex, or any other "*slippery sycophant;*" but that dignity and honour would be best supported by the Squire's shewing a feeling heart for the distresses of the poor. "Let him," said he, "retire to a situation where he may, by reflection, qualify himself for the duties

of his future station, and endeavour to come to a composition with his creditors, who, in such a case, would be satisfied with easy terms.

Another delegate remarked, that the way, which appeared best calculated for the preservation of the Lord's inheritance, was to prevent it from being oppressive to the tenants.

Brush expressed himself surprised when he heard of the Squire's promise; but he thought him in honour bound to keep it. He observed that something might be spared from the Lord's revenue, as former lords, in times of war, had subscribed from much less revenues, towards the public exigencies.

Merryman observed, that notwithstanding the Lord's promise, that the affairs of his own household should not run into arrears, yet debts had been paid, which at compound interest would exceed seven *millions!* It was no wonder the Squire was in debt, as his income was not sufficient; and he had advised him not to make the promise which he had done. He proposed that the Lord and Lady should subscribe certain sums annually out of their private purses, and for the remainder they should look to *places* and

sinecures, as they fell. (Neither Merryman nor any of his family, at that time, held any place where there was any thing or nothing to do; we shall see hereafter how *honores mutabant mores*, not only with him, but with many other of these *patriots!*)

We cannot close this subject without noticing the indecent interference of one of the Squire's younger brothers in the debates on the present subject, as well as on that respecting his father's illness; in both of which discussions, delicacy, if he had had any, would have restrained him from taking a part. His observations, if they were worthy of that term, were an insult to the tenantry, their representatives, and to common sense. He censured the pamphlets which had been written, and the expressions made use of in the Common Hall to his brother's prejudice. He said, that though some of the delegates had exerted themselves in obtaining a subsidy of 200,000 *livres* a year for one ally, 1,200,000 for another, and a loan of 4,600,000 to a third; but when his brother's business was brought forward, it was termed "an unpleasant task"—"an arduous undertaking"—"the regret of laying

additional burthens on the tenants." If his brother's business was bad, surely it could not be mended by the opening of such a flippant fool's mouth. If, to the excessive burthens which the tenants were obliged to bear for their own protection, the expences of a profligate kept mistress, panders, blacklegs, and Jew usurers be added, had not the people a right to signify their disapprobation of having the sweat of their brows wrung from them for such purposes? Had not the delegates, on whose generosity his brother, nay his whole family, had several times thrown themselves, a right to enquire into the expenditure of the money with which they were entrusted, and to vote against it if it were to be squandered in debauchery? Lastly, was there any parallel between the extravagance of his brother and the necessary aids granted to the allies of the tenantry, and for their own preservation from an insolent, rapacious, inveterate, and successful foe, as the Gulls then were? No, neither was the Common Hall like the quarter-deck of a man of war, where the *ipse dixit* of a petty tyrant is *law*.—To the great satisfaction of the tenants, this hopeful sprig,

in imitation of Don Quixote when he put on the barber's bason for Mambrino's helmet, thrust his brainless head into a *cracked Jordan*, and was so well pleased with the achievement, that he very seldom pestered the Common Hall afterwards.

To wind up the Squire's business *for this bout*, the delegates concluded to settle on him 125,000 *livres* a year (exclusive of his own estate of 13,000 *livres* a year) out of which 78,000 *livres* annually were to be deducted and applied in payment of his incumbrances. A handsome jointure was settled on the bride, and, to smooth down the people, a law was made to prevent any future *Rising Suns* from falling into such an abyss of debts. The tenants, however, knew too much of the past to imagine that it would be an impregnable shield to them in future. They were aware of the truth of the old saying, "Fresh men, fresh measures," and that laws, in the hands of the framers, are only like Penelope's web, wove and unravelled at pleasure. One of them observed, that if, after so necessary and salutary a law, made with all possible deliberation, any future delegate should vote away the

money of his constituents for similar acts of profligacy, he would deserve the gallows as much as a servant, who being entrusted with the care of his master's house, should play booty with a thief and let him in at midnight to plunder it.

We are of the same opinion, and would recommend that every candidate at an election should subscribe a similar declaration. If he should afterwards act contrary to it, although no other punishment could be inflicted on him, yet it would be some consolation to have made him subscribe to his own deserts.

The Squire's vices appeared to be now only just beginning, and even his most slippery sycophants could not plead in his excuse, as formerly, that they were *youthful follies;* the common consent of all nations was against such a plea. The Romans fixed the period of maturity, or full age, in males and females, at 25 years; the Britons, copying from the Saxons, have reduced it to 21; in Naples they are of full age at 18; but in France not till 30, and in Holland at 25. Now, reader, the Squire was 35, and if his senses had not arrived at perfection

then, it was not likely they ever would be matured.

At the end of nine calendar months, wanting one day, from the wedding-day, Mrs. George Gildrig gave birth to a daughter; but this, so joyful an event to most parents, seemed to have taken a quite different effect on the Squire. His gloomy and sullen conduct betokened the dark scene which afterwards was displayed in all its effects, but not in its causes; the latter were veiled in all possible obscurity, as are all deeds which the authors are ashamed of having brought to light:—

> "Actions rare and sudden do commonly
> Proceed from fierce necessity; or else
> From some oblique design which is asham'd
> To shew itself in the public road."

This joyful occasion, as the tenants vainly imagined it would have been, drew from them a congratulatory address to the Squire, couched in the most affectionate and respectful terms. When it was presented to the Squire, he declined receiving it in the usual form on such public occasions. The tenants, as may be well

supposed, were rather surprised, and not a little displeased, at this unaccountable and haughty rejection of the tender of their good wishes for the Squire's welfare. After a lapse of some days, the Squire, by way of explanation, caused them to be informed, that as his income had been reduced for certain reasons, (the payment of his debts!) and the necessary appendages attached to his rank did not in consequence exist, he could not receive their address in a manner suited to his situation. The *honest* tenantry, with a becoming spirit, and sense of propriety, came to a resolution, that, if such was the case, they could not, *consistently with their own dignity*, suffer the address to be presented without the customary form.

What was the meaning of this sullen haughtiness, which the Squire himself, or some of his parasites, might misconstrue into the effect of wounded dignity? Did he imagine that his sacrifice of marriage had not been sufficiently compensated? If it was a sacrifice, he himself had rendered it necessary by his own debaucheries and extravagance. The tenants had also made a large sacrifice of money in addition to the

immense sums before furnished for the maintenance and protection of his family. If the reduction of his income had not taken place, would he have enjoyed more domestic happiness? No; he still preferred the embraces of an old wanton to those of a young wife, and all the sacrifices which the tenants could have made, would not have been sufficient to have reclaimed him from his vicious courses. He was cloyed with conjugal delights, which had been administered to him against his inclination, and his appetite for antiquated beauty had returned with redoubled violence. No respect was paid to decency; the Squire was not contented with slighting his wife in secret; she must be banished to a separate and distant abode at Black Common. The *Black Hole* at Calcutta was too good for those who instigated him to such cruelty: Old Nick's black hole will bring them up at last.

The separation between great folks is the more to be lamented because the breach is seldom healed. In their first phrenzy of passion they not only part beds, but even houses. There are as many instances of wrangling spouses, perhaps, among the people; but as it is not always conve-

nient for them to have separate beds, much less separate houses, their anger has time to expire, and desire renews the treaty of amity and love *toties quoties*.—A fidler and his dear rib having had some few conjugal rubs, as the story goes, at length behaved with so much spirit as to swear never to sleep together again. This was the most impracticable vow they could have possibly made, unless one of them would put up with lying on the floor, which neither would consent to do, as they had only one bed in the world. When they got into it, the fiddle-case was placed between them, and weak as was the barrier, it was respected by both parties for several nights. Their resentment had by that time cooled, and love began to return; both wished the fiddle-case to the devil, but neither would remove it. One night, however, when they were as hardly put to it to contrive the ways and means as any prime minister, the fidler happened to sneeze, and the wife, as is usual with such people in those cases, cried "God bless you!" The husband asked if that prayer was from her heart? "Aye," replied she,

"from the very bottom of my heart!" "Why then," cried the husband, "you may as well lend me a hand to remove the fiddle-case."—Now if the Squire's lady had been within hearing, and had made the same prayer as the fidler's wife, perhaps the Squire's love would have returned, as he must have felt some little shame and remorse at his conduct; but that would not suit the views of those artful incendiaries who had been the means of the rupture. Besides the intervening distance of miles, the fiddle-case was a mole-hill to the mountain which formed the barrier between the Squire and his lady; it was no less than the bulky Mrs. Maria Fitzwaddle, whom the Squire drew from her retirement; formed a more expensive establishment for her than ever, and cohabited with her with unblushing front. This living tomb of love was again in all her borrowed glory. The Squire's love for her was the more inexcusable as it must have been, on her part at least, without the least provocation in nature. Love between 36 and twice 36! So do wick and tallow consume in one greasy flame, until they expire in smoke and stench! The

old beldam had no remorse, as she professed that religion which sells salves for all sores—even those of wounded conscience.

There is no accounting for the taste of men with respect to that assemblage of female charms, denominated *beauty*. It differs in every nation; and, though every individual of that nation will have a tinge of the national taste, yet scarcely any two of them will agree in fixing upon the same female as superior, in their ideas, to all the rest. If the preference which a Dutchman gives to a plump woman be attempted to be accounted for by saying that a warm bed-fellow is most agreeable in so cold a country! yet how can we, upon the same principle, account for the same taste among the Turks, and, still more extraordinary! among some of the nations of burning Africa? Mungo Parke, in his travels through the interior of that quarter of the globe, met with a nation where the women were reckoned beautiful only in proportion to their bulk, and a first-rate beauty could not walk without having two female slaves to support her by placing their shoulders under her arms. To cause this essential beauty, the mothers made their daughters

devour *kouskous*, a fattening diet, as our modern agriculturists blow out the hides of prize cattle with oil-cakes.

On the contrary, in England, France, and many other countries, the men admire what is termed an *elegant figure*, and is the very reverse of the *en bon point*. A lusty lady is set down (right or wrong) for a landlord's, a butcher's, or a tallow-chandler's wife. But exceptions are to be found even in them, of which our Squire is a proof. No man envied him his *lumping penny-worth;* but all men, condemning the insult offered to his less bulky but more beautiful wife, exclaimed:

> "Is Virtue then
> Given to make us wretched? Ah, sad portion!
> Fatal to all that have thee! Shunn'd on earth,
> Depress'd, and shewn but in severest trials,
> Condemn'd to solitude, then shining most
> When black obscurity surrounds: poor, poor,
> But ever beautiful!"

CHAPTER IV.

YOUTHFUL FOLLY NEVER ARRIVES AT MANHOOD, BUT SINKS INTO SECOND DOTAGE: THIS WAS THE SQUIRE'S CASE.—THE MALIGNITY AND DARK INTRIGUES OF GREAT FOLKS, AND THE ONLY MEANS OF COUNTERACTING THEM.

The glow of warm blood, the vigour of youth, and the strong powers of imagination represent the morning of life, like the morning of day, when every thing is fresh and cheerful, and invites to enjoyment and pleasure. Love, pastime, and even business, are pursued with delight. Every thing appears charming, as in the season of spring, inspires us with rapture, and beckons us to bliss. But as all sublunary transports have but a transitory existence, a full meal is sure to blunt the edge which a slight taste gives to our appetites. Therefore those who seek no higher enjoyment than from the passions, will be sure to experience satiety in

their indulgence, as nature has doomed us to weariness in all the unrestrained gratifications of our senses. Whilst the passions are in full force, we can no more expect perfect command of them, than of a young colt never before backed; If, with time, the colt becomes a serviceable steady horse, he is the more valuable for that fire which it still retains; but if it continues restive beyond the middle age, it may be given over as vicious. Those only continue happy who take the precaution of laying in an early stock of those things which contribute to permanent satisfaction; these are pleasures of a less violent nature, but of a much longer duration. This store must consist of virtue, knowledge, and temperance, the needful components of felicity.

Youth, therefore, to be happy, must acquire some of the attainments of age, which can be only drawn by reason from the experience of grey hairs. It is in the dispensing of its knowledge that age appears venerable, and, indeed, it has very little other business in the world; if it has not qualified itself for the task, it loses all its dignity; for *a head grown hoary in folly is*

a woeful object of pity, and almost of derision.

Our passions in youth are very powerful seducers: they hurry us into hasty enjoyments, which often terminate in long and fruitless repentance. Against these threatening evils, which have their foundations in early life, there is no other kind of defence, than in the experience of older heads, which those are the most happy who soonest acquire and pay attention to.

The long practised in life have found the futility of all raptures, and know that there are none worth purchasing at the price of great hazards. The lover's dreams of ecstacies, and the prodigal's of high delights, are alike delusions practised by passion on reason; for in rational enjoyments, only, duration is to be found. We grow speedily sick of what we only admire; but are often lastingly gratified with what we reasonably approve.

Youth, therefore, to be happy, must acquire some of the qualities of age; and age, to be comfortable, must retain some of those of youth. The strong passions and affections of both are

alike deceitful; as, in one stage, we have not attained to the vigour of sound judgment; and, in the other, we have passed it, and got into the state of *second dotage*, without the benefit of those restraints that were our security in our first childhood.

It appeared as if our Squire was got into this state of *second dotage* by his present conduct. If he had really been drawn in to marry Mrs. Fitzwaddle, he had been guilty of a most egregious piece either of duplicity or folly, as he must have been very well aware that the marriage was contrary to the established law, and must have been very silly to imagine that the tenants would have acquiesced in it. Although Joan may be as good as my lady in the dark, yet every Joan was not a lady for them in the open face of day. If, after having married Mrs. Fitzwaddle, he gave his hand to another lady, he was guilty of a very great crime, for which he had no excuse to allege but that of having forfeited his word of honour to the tenants when they paid off his former incumbrances by running into a second labyrinth of them. If, as appeared to be the case from

subsequent events, the separation between himself and Mrs. Fitzwaddle was preconcerted with a view only to release him from his difficulties, and then to renew their intimacy, it was a most cruel deception on Miss Brownwig, and a most indecent one on the whole of the tenantry. Let the reader turn his eyes which way he will, he must see folly and dishonour, if not deception and cruelty.

It might have been expected that the unfortunate Mrs. George Gildrig had suffered enough by having been thus publicly cast off by her husband; but no, her enemies appeared resolved to crush her, or drive her away. A new conspiracy from another quarter, or a continuation of that which had separated her from conjugal endearment, was still to be played off against her, by those who were constantly about her person, and whose faces were covered with smiles and affabilities:

" O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;

Hide it in *smiles* and *affabilities:*
For if thou put thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from detection." SHAKESPEARE.

She was to be deprived of every friend, of all esteem and respect in a distant country, and subject to derision and ridicule. The most scandalous reports were spread abroad to the prejudice of her person and manners, which could only have originated with female tongues. Who these were we know not; but people will surmise, and the galled ox will wince.

The persecuted Mrs. George Gildrig finding herself thus deserted by her proper protector, without any reason; surrounded by supplanting and slandering enemies, almost wholly unacquainted with the sympathetic and feeling hearts of the public, and afraid to trust any one sought to confide her sorrows to the bosom of her parents, or some other relatives or friends whom she had left in those distant parts whence she came. This was natural, extremely natural, and more delicate than if she had made her complaints nearer home. A packet of letters to her friends was confided to the hands of a person who

was going that way, and from whom she entertained, and, in all probability, had no reason to entertain any suspicion of dishonourable conduct. The packet, however, by a train of artifices, which must have been the result of long experience in the winding passages of intrigue, and of premeditated design, was got out of the hands of the person with whom it was entrusted, and in contempt of every thing like honour, honesty, or good faith, was violated. It was discovered that the intended victim of this confederacy, in that bitterness of anguish and agony of mind which she must have experienced, and which, in the strongest minds, will often create suspicion where there is not the least occasion for it, had written some things which must be displeasing to the Lord and Lady. As the correspondence could only have been intercepted by an enemy, and for the most inimical purposes, the malignant fiend contrived, with the same subtlety through which the packet had been gotten possession of, to lay the contents before the Lord and Lady, without appearing before the curtain. The correspondence was intercepted—was violated—was made public—but *nobody*

did it. As was expected, a breach was made between Mrs. George Gildrig, and her father and mother-in-law, who expected more *honourable mention* than what some of the passages of the correspondence contained. As the correspondence was intended solely for the private eye of relationship, or friendship, and was disclosed by such unfair means, instead of the resentment which fell upon the writer, it might have been more proper if the malignant discloser had been ferreted out, and overwhelmed with contempt and indignation.

As the Lord and Lady had too just a sense of decorum and propriety to shew a coolness to their daughter-in-law, without assigning a reason for it, the treachery, which had occasioned it, came to light. It was, indeed, suspected that the perpetrators had not been able to veil themselves so securely but that they were discovered, and despised by those whom they had irritated against the object of their malice; but there is that *delicacy* in high life, which makes them tender of exposing each other to the grin and contempt of the swinish multitude.

However, the unsuspecting person to whom

the packet had been entrusted could not rest under the obloquy of having acted treacherously, and, by justifying himself, Mrs. Villars was found to have been concerned in some stage of the proceedings; whether innocently or not, could only be surmised from what was suffered to transpire of this dark affair. Some correspondence took place, in which Mr. Villars attempted the justification of his wife; we say *attempted;* for although the correspondence was published, it threw not the least light upon the affair. The tenants thought that it would have been better to have made no defence, than so lame a one; conscious innocence is often contented with a knowledge that it is innocent, and with a hope that it will at a future day be proved so; but conscious guilt is ever anxious to assume the appearance of innocence, and often betrays itself by that very anxiety. It cannot endure

"the thought of what
Men's tongues will say of what their hearts must think."

By this shocking conspiracy, for so it must have been, whoever were the persons concerned in it, an unhappy misunderstanding took place between the persecuted object of it and her hus-

band's family, which lasted during several years. Her only consolation was the being left in possession of her child, and the respect and esteem which the tenants evinced for her in proportion as she seemed to be deserted by her nearest connections. She upbraided not, she complained not, but supported her misfortunes with that dignity and fortitude which is inspired by a *mens conscia recti*, and never suffered the affability of her temper to be soured by them. There could have been very little doubt that the tenants, burthened as they were, would have rather paid the Squire's debts a second time, than have beheld the sacrifice of so lovely a victim; but what would then have become of the Squire's honour? Why, it would have been just where it was then, or, perhaps, not so low.

CHAPTER V.

THE CURTAIN IS DRAWN ASIDE, AND DISCOVERS HOW THE POLITICAL PUPPET-SHOW MEN MANAGE THEIR PUPPETS.

During these internal transactions, the events of the war abroad were not very favourable to the Freelanders. Most of their allies had fallen away from them, and they were obliged to find money for the rest. The Bighose, the Eagles, the Graveairs, and many others, had made a peace with the Gulls; among whom now first started up an obscure, unprincipled, ambitious, desperate, and designing adventurer, named the Bantam, who led them on to almost unbounded conquest. The Gormands were hardly pressed, and even the Freelanders had made overtures of peace, which had not been crowned with success. The Gulls even threatened to cross the moat and invade the Freelanders on their own territories;

but the latter made every preparation to repel them with disgrace, and in derision of their threats, they erected on the edge of the moat a flag bearing the following inscription:

"GALLUS quisque suo sterquilinio."

Every Cock crows upon his own dunghill.

—But a still stronger cause of alarm broke out in a most dangerous mutiny on board the flotilla, which, however, by the united efforts of conciliation and firmness, forbearance and force, was at length happily quelled.

After several most desperate encounters, the Bantam brought the Gormands to sue for a peace, which he granted them on very hard terms; and he then began to display his unbounded ambition and rapacity, by attacking and plundering those defenceless estates which had not interfered in the contest, or had withdrawn from it. To increase the perplexity of the Freelanders, the Graveairs had joined their enemies, and sent out a hostile flotilla on the moat; but they were so roughly handled by that of the Freelanders, under the command of one Mr. *Vincent*, that they were glad, after

losing some of their best boats, to shelter the remainder in their own inlets. The Freeland flotilla, under a Mr. Dunkman, also nearly annihilated that of the Bighose, and, in the moment of victory, made another overture of peace which was not attended with success.

The Gulls finding that all their efforts to make any impression on the Freelanders in their own territory were likely to redound only to their own disgrace, sent a flotilla and a number of warriors to seize upon a distant neutral part called Gypseyland; on which they intended to fix themselves, and destroy the trade of the Freelanders to still more remote parts. A part of the Freeland flotilla, commanded by a most gallant partisan, named KEELSON, pursued and wholly destroyed them, so that the dominion of the moat seemed the absolute privilege of the Freelanders.

The Gulls, however, had landed their warriors, headed by the Bantam, before Keelson could come up with them, and they endeavoured to make good their footing on terrâ firmâ. They attacked a strong post named the *Acre*, which was defended by the Gypsies; but another naval

commander of the Freelanders, called the Blacksmith, landed some of his troops, joined the Gypsies, and hammered away upon the Gulls with so much force, that, after having brained several of them, those who had any brains left, betook themselves to flight, and were dreadfully harassed by the Gypsies. In this desperate situation, the Bantam meanly forsook them and skulked back to the manor of the Gulls, where, finding matters in anarchy and confusion, he, by dint of stratagem and force of arms, caused himself to be proclaimed lord of the manor.

During the Bantam's absence, the affairs of the Gulls had taken a very unfavourable turn, and they themselves had been very hardly put to it by their enemies. The lord of the manor of the Bearskins, named MAD PAUL, had joined the confederacy against them; and the Gormands, spirited by this succour, and by another large supply of cash sent to them by the Freelanders, had broken the disgraceful treaty, which necessity had only compelled them to submit to, and resumed their arms. Whilst the Bearskins and the Gormands acted in unison, they were

every where victorious, and the Gulls were deprived of nearly the whole of their conquests; but disunion soon proved, as it had always been, the ruin of the cause of the confederates: the Bearskins and the Gormands disagreed, and separated, and the Gulls, profiting by their folly, regained great part of the ground which they had lost.

Freeland Frederic, although he had been so roughly handled before, had not the wisdom of *Parolles* to give up soldiering, and exclaim:

"A plague of all drums—I'll no more drumming."

In spite of the ingratitude of his *old friends*, the Bighose, he wished to befriend them, *even against their will*, and marched some Freeland and Bearskin warriors to clear their territories from the Gulls. Victory hovered over him, and was ready to drop the laurel crown on his head; but having sacrificed the moment to some trifling and absurd *etiquette*, the coy goddess, who must be closely pursued to obtain her favours, flew indignantly away from the cucumber Frederic, and bestowed the palm on the enemy. Frederic was glad to retreat with much loss of men and more of military honour. Although the Free-

landers could not allow that he was a proper person to take the command of troops, yet they acknowledged that he would have made a most excellent *drill-serjeant*.

The Bantam returned in the very nick of time (for he *despised* etiquette of every kind) to remedy the late disasters of the Gulls; and he had no sooner securely placed his own yoke upon their neck than, to gain credit for a moderation which he never possessed, he wrote a letter to the Lord of Freeland, containing a wish for a pacification. This communication was a breach of etiquette, as the respective stewards or secretaries of each manor had always been accustomed to interchange all correspondence on business. As the Bantam, however, was but very young in his new grandeur, the error was *condescendingly* passed over, with a gentle hint of its impropriety; but he was informed, that the restoration of the late Lord's family to their rank was the only basis on which a permanent peace could be grounded. The Bantam, instead of resigning so easily the staff which he had got in his hands, began to lay it about the ears of the Gormands, and, in a very short space of time, cudgelled them into

another peace, the terms of which he himself dictated, and they were more galling than the former ones.

The Bantam had also the art to persuade Mad Paul that the Freelanders and Gormands had only made a cats-paw of him, and that it would be more for his interest to see Freeland destroyed, in which case he, among the rest, would share in her immense trade, than to assist in raising her grandeur, and enabling her to monopolize the whole of the trade round about. He also sent a very handsome mistress to Mad Paul, who soon tickled him into all the Bantam's purposes; and a confederacy was soon formed against Freeland between the Bearskins, and two other powers, who were jealous of the prosperous trade of Freeland. Thus so crooked a path is policy, that the Freelanders had not only to contend against old and new foes, but with their former friends!

In this critical and alarming posture of affairs, Vortex unexpectedly resigned his stewardship. It was supposed at the time, and it was afterwards evident enough, that his resignation was intended to have been only for a time, and for a

temporary purpose. He had discovered, from the breaking out of the insurrection of the Gulls, so much acrimony against them that it began to be looked upon as almost impossible that he could conclude a peace with them. He was, therefore, to retire behind the curtain, and put forward some *puppet* in his stead, whose jaws and limbs he might move with a string, as the reader has, without doubt, seen practised in Bartholomew or some other fair. The difficulty was where to find a person to act the puppet, as flesh and blood are not quite so tractable as wood, and every man, although he has not sense enough to manage his own petty private affairs, conceits that he can direct those of the public. Any man, who doubts this, has only to step into the first public house he meets with, to be convinced of the fact. He will hear some tinman making more noise in a debate on politics than any parliamentary Stentor; some barber shaving off the excrescences of sinecures; some dustman sweeping the enemy out of the field; or some bankrupt laying down a sure mode of paying the national debt. Vortex wanted a soft, pliable, easy-to-be-led-by-the-nose man, who had very

little of this conceit, and who was not one of those clowns whom Shakespeare reprehends for saying more than was set down for them. It was long before Vortex could find a man without this "*pitiful* ambition;" but in one of his walks round the mansion house, he was seen to start and heard to exclaim:—

"I do remember an *Apothecary*,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples: meagre were his looks;
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes;
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said
An' if a man did need a *tool* now."—

—Why, I want one.

His choice was fixed, and the object of it (a Mr. ADDLETON) having undertaken to play the part, he was accordingly put upon the *Money Bench*. In order to obtain the end for

which the new steward was put into office, he started with a declaration that he should be always ready to concur in a peace on terms which should be honourable to both parties, and that the basis of his stewardship should be *moderation* and *good faith*. What a political white crow! We always understood, with Butler, that politics were a game at which fair play could never thrive:—

> "For as two cheats, that play one game,
> Are both defeated of their aim;
> So those, who play a game of state
> And only cavil in debate,
> Although there's nothing lost or won,
> The public business is undone;
> Which still the longer 'tis in doing,
> Becomes the surer way to ruin." HUDIB.

Be that as it may, Vortex intended that Addleton should show his *moderation* by making peace with the enemy on reasonable terms; but the *good faith* in keeping it was to be left wholly to himself.

CHAPTER VI.

MISFORTUNES TREAD UPON THE HEELS OF MISFORTUNES.—THE DEATH OF A VERY GREAT MAN, AND A SPECIMEN OF THE AUTHOR'S TALENTS OF WRITING EPITAPHS FOR GREAT MEN, FROM WHICH HE PROPOSES TO HIMSELF MUCH EMPLOYMENT AND LARGE EMOLUMENT IN FUTURE.

The commencement of the new stewardship was auspicious, inasmuch as the gallant Keelson, with a part of the Freeland flotilla, soon reduced the two powers, who had confederated with Mad Paul, to their proper senses, and he himself, about the same time, went into the grave—the only place where he could have been kept quiet. Vortex, however, claimed all the merit of this success, and it was no more than his due, as the scheme had been planned and all the preparations had been made for its execution during his stewardship.

Keelson and death having thus dissolved this alarming confederacy, the Freelanders turned their attention towards Gypseyland, where the warriors, left by the Bantam, had resolved to make a lodgement. The Freelanders were equally determined on dislodging them, and had embarked on board part of their flotilla, a number of warriors for that purpose. Both the Freelanders and the Gulls now appeared to lay upon their arms at home, and to await the issue of this distant contest, which was, in a great measure, to decide the terms of peace. The Freelanders were successful, as they killed or obliged the whole force of the Gulls to surrender. Vortex also claimed the merit of this success on the same score, and it would have been unjust not to have allowed it to him.

The Gulls were now as solicitous for peace as the Freelanders, and, after the necessary discussion of the terms had been gone through, the temple of Janus was shut.

Vortex now thought that Addleton, having performed the end for which his greatness had been thrust upon him, would have restored them *on demand*, but to his mortification he found

that his puppet was made of a very cross-grained stuff. Addleton had drunk largely of the luscious sweets of office; and feeling himself buoyed up by the popularity, which his having put an end to a war unparalleled for its rancour had given to his stewardship, he was resolved not to quit his saddle till he should be able to keep it no longer. Although Vortex and his party fell away from him, yet his resolution was unshaken, as, in proportion to their retreat, Brush and his party made advances to him.

Addleton was overreached, at his very first outset, in a money bargain, which gave the friends of Vortex a handle to allege that he was no financier; but he soon disproved the allegation by his own finances; for he shewed such unexampled dexterity at picking up the *crumbs* and *windfalls* of office for his own family and connections, that no steward, within the short space of time he was in office, had made a better use of his time. He was soon in a condition to have exclaimed with his brother Lenitive in the Prize:—

"Shop! D——n the shop!"

When Addleton was deserted by Vortex and

his friends, Brush and his party imagined that Addleton would stand in absolute need of their support, and that they should be admitted to approach the *Money Bench*. They hovered over it like flies over a honey pot; but it was supposed that the Lord had predetermined against their taking a sip. They were never to stick their refractory rumps there again.

The gates of Janus's temple were soon opened; a quarrel broke out about a Malthouse, which the Gulls had just seized, and of which the Freelanders had dispossessed them. It remained in their hands at the end of the war; but it was agreed that it should be occupied by neither of them. The Freelanders would have given it up according to the terms of the peace; but the Bantam had played so many underhand tricks, and made so many encroachments on his neighbours, before the time stipulated for their leaving it, that they thought themselves justified in having some previous explanations. As it turned out evident enough that the Bantam only wanted to get all he could by fair means before he resorted to foul ones, the Freelanders prepared for hostilities, and the Gulls had never been unprepared for

them. War raged with redoubled violence for this temporary truce, and the Bantam renewed his boast of invading Freeland, and actually marched a large body of troops to the edge of the moat for the purpose. Never was greater alacrity shewn by any people than the Freelanders in turning out to arms. Either the Squire was, or made a shew of being, roused from his ignoble lethargy. He addressed a letter to Addleton, expressing his ardour to head the Freelanders in their defence of the manor; but as he had only the command of a company, he desired Addleton to use his influence with the Lord to bestow on him a command more suitable to the rank of the second personage in the manor.

Whether the Squire had been urged on by some doughty Parolles—

> "To th' wars, my boy, to th' wars.
> He wears his honour in a box, unseen,
> That hugs his kicksy-wicksy here at home;
> Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
> Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
> Of Mars's fiery steed:"—

or he wished to acquire popularity, or the power

of creating dependents, was uncertain and doubtful; the request was, however, refused, probably because a jealousy still remained of the eagerness which he had shewn to get into power during his father's illness. The reason alleged for the refusal, was, that the chief civil and military commands would be incompatible with each other, and that, besides, the latter had been confided to his brother Frederic, who was a proper person to hold it.

Frederic was, in his youthful days, as has been already mentioned, strongly tinctured with some improper propensities, particularly that of gaming, which he had carried to an excess. Having one night been pigeoned of a vast property, when a military man, a Captain Joiner, was present, and in all probability against his inclination, the Lord, with whom he had been a great favourite, afterwards looked so coldly on him that the unfortunate gentleman, unable to bear the loss of his favour, jogged the hand of Atropos, and made her fatal scissars cut his thread of life in twain before it was spun out. Either this tragical event, or repeated losses, or a thirst for military ardour, had awakened him

from his dream. In the debates on the Squire's marriage establishment, it was mentioned that he was bound for his brother in considerable sums; but that these debts were in a train of liquidation, and a course of punctual discharge; so that there was no fear of their becoming burthensome to the tenantry. This was true, and although Frederick had been unsuccessful abroad in practical warfare, yet he had shewn great abilities in organizing the troops at home. It was to be regretted, however, that the Squire's request could not have been in some measure granted, as it might have liberated him from the old talismanic charm, which had so long benumbed all his faculties.

As Brush and his party found Addleton to be inaccessible, like men of desperate fortunes who, finding nothing to be done in the present posture of affairs, imagine that any change will be for the better, they measured back their steps, and, without any previous understanding or hints at a coalition, they joined Vortex in so forcible an attack on Addleton, that he was obliged, though loth enough, to fly from the Money Bench. Vortex and Brush instantaneously rushed to-

wards it; but, as the former was more of the greyhound make, he reached it first, and had no sooner taken his seat than he bade his competitor stand off, as it was no den for foxes. Brush shrugged up his shoulders, pulled up his small-clothes, cried out, "A dead hoax, by G—!" marched back to his old place, and fell into his old train of opposition to Vortex. Addleton, as he had been offended by both parties, was sulky, and would side with neither.

Vortex resumed his old schemes of raising a confederacy against the Gulls by gifts and loans of money, and as the lord of the Gormands was very uneasy under the yoke which the Bantam had imposed upon him, he was easily induced to prepare for another struggle. It was, however, an unfortunate bait that he had swallowed; for the Bantam got intelligence of his designs, and coming upon him before he was in readiness, he beat, by dint of arms and bribery, all his warriors, and even took possession of his mansion-house, where the Bantam finally reduced him to a mere cypher.

The sensations of the Freelanders at those painful tidings were somewhat allayed by the

success of a part of their flotilla, under the gallant Keelson, which had totally routed and captured the greatest part of a superior flotilla of the Gulls, who now trembled at the sight of the moat, as the catholics imagine the devil shrinks from holy water. The importance of this success was, however, diminished, if not overbalanced, by the loss of Keelson, who fell in the action covered with glory. The Freelanders wept for their loss, and did ample justice to the memory of their gallant avenger.

Misfortunes tread close upon the heels of each other! Vortex died very shortly afterwards, and it was more than probable that he was a victim to his indefatigable labours for the good of his country, and to his grief for the ill success of his efforts.

Although his opponents charged him with plunging the country into an unnecessary war, and lavishing the public money in subsidies, and nick-named him Billy Fight-all and Billy Pay-all; although they reproached him with trenching upon the rights of the people; yet it was certain that they envied him his power, and very doubtful whether they would have made so good

an use of it. No pilot had ever weathered such dreadful storm both at home and abroad. If he entered into war, it was necessary to curb an ambitious, inveterate, and envenomed foe; if he subsidized other powers, it was with a view to keep the whole force of the enemy from the Freelanders' own doors, and to put a speedier end to the ravages of war; if he diminished the right of the people, the times imperiously demanded it, and it was but for a time. To do him strict though ample justice; ambition was his darling aim, but it was of that laudable kind which inclines a man to devote himself to the service of his country: if his measures were unsuccessful, it was more owing to the caprice of Fortune than a want of either talents, judgement, penetration, foresight, energy, or resolution in himself. He was 22 years steward of a deranged estate, and yet, quite the reverse of other men of that class, he did not grow rich in proportion as the estate became poor. Nay, he exceeded the old Roman patriot, who died so poor that he was buried at the public charge, for he died in debt, although he did not live expensively. Peace to his ashes! and it would be

but justice to them to inscribe on their resting-place the following, or some other better written lines, to the same purport:

EPITAPH ON * * * *.

For talents, judgment, energy of mind,
* * * * left all other mortals far behind;
He lov'd his country—for it, liv'd and died—
He serv'd it not for interest, but from pride;
His hands with private gains were never soil'd,
From purest motives on to death he toil'd:
With truth these lines might on his urn be penn'd—
"*Here lie the ashes of his country's friend!*"

CHAPTER VII.

APOSTATE PATRIOTS! THEIR VIRTUE IS LIKE THAT OF DANAE, INCAPABLE OF WITHSTANDING A GOLDEN SHOWER.—THE DEATH OF ANOTHER GREAT MAN, AND MORE OF OUR AUTHOR'S ABILITIES IN THE EPITAPH LINE.

After the Freelanders had lost their skilful Palinurus, there was no one who appeared capable of taking the helm, except Brush. The Lord could not relish him, but he was obliged to yield to necessity. He empowered one Greenfield (son of the person who had involved Freeland in the fatal contest with the Thirteen Acres) to form a list of the new Household. If Brush must inevitably be included, yet he was not to be steward. A nominal steward was, therefore, pitched upon, one Master Harry Minikin, a youth who could know nothing of public affairs, unless they had been whipped

into him with the Latin Rudiments. Brush was appointed Secretary; Greygoose Chief Director, and Merryman Treasurer of the Flotilla; and Hareskin was appointed Keeper of the High Court of Conscience. The bottom spokes of Fortune's wheel were now gotten to the top, and it was odd that those men who, for more than 20 years past, had incessantly and invariably opposed all the measures of the Household were now entrusted with the sole management of them. There was, however, no alternative. Greenfield himself, as he drilled his motley crew, and was marching them in a body to have the first audience of the Lord, appeared as much ashamed of them as Jack Falstaff was of his ragged recruits on their march through Coventry. Like him too, he might have exclaimed: "I'll be shot if the whole of them would make one good man!" The Lord did not much relish to be drenched like a horse with such a dose, but there was no other remedy. In spite of his disgust, he could not help smiling at the grotesque appearance of the new household on their first introduction; they were as awkward as so

many Jew clothesmen who had tied their bags to the back parts of their heads instead of swinging them in their hands. He observed to Addleton, that they were a strange, a strange heterogeneous mixture; but that nauseous drugs were very often conducive to health. The tenants were not well pleased to see their senate-house filled—

> "With green heads, that determine of the state
> Over their cups, or when their sated lusts
> Afford them leisure:"—

but matters could not go much worse than they had been going for some time past. As Addleton had premised his stewardship with *moderation* and *good faith* to gain the confidence of the enemy, the new household, who had so long bawled against profusion in the public expenditure, thought to gain the confidence of the people by declaring that they would build theirs upon *public economy*. We shall give a few examples of their *thrift* at the very first outset. The salary of Greygoose's predecessors had been 3000 *livres* a year; but under pretence that the business had increased very considerably, he got it raised to 5000! Merryman's salary was 4000 *livres*,

besides what was to be picked up by industry; but he got his son Tommy (a hopeful *boy*, of whom we shall have to make *honourable* mention hereafter) into a snug birth of 2000 livres a year, which indeed any boy might have filled for the work there was to be done, and the slatternly manner in which it was usually performed.

There seems to be a fatality attending fortune, which drowns all past remembrances like a Lethéan draught. As Jove formerly debauched Danäe in a shower of gold, so that arch-fiend the Devil has adopted the very same mode of apostatizing all the patriots of Freeland, and other manors. Like a citadel which bids defiance to showers of shot, shells, and such-like iron materials; but instantly surrenders at discretion when assailed by a shower of gold; so does the heart of a patriot yield to the same irresistible force.

> "Balls of this metal slack'd At'lanta's pace,
> And on the am'rous youth bestowed the race.
> Nor less may Jupiter to gold ascribe:
> For, when he turn'd himself into a bribe,
> Who could blame Danäe, or the brazen tow'r,
> That they withstood not that all-mighty show'r?

Never, till then, did love make Jove put on
A form more bright and nobler than his own."

Could this be the same Mr. Greygoose who, some time before, asserted in the Common Hall that the only way to preserve the government was to render it as little oppressive as possible to the people? Could this be the same Mr. Merryman who recommended to the delegates to make a vigorous scrutiny into all useless places, and reversionary sinecures, before they laid new burthens upon the tenants, that they might be able to look their constituents in the face, and assure them that they had abolished all unnecessary and unmerited stipends, before they would lay any new taxes upon them? Yes; they were the very same bodies, but animated by very different minds; or their former words were but cloaks to the same diseased minds. They were grown, according to the old proverb, *older* and *wiser*, that is, worldly wiser. They had changed their opinions at the same time that they had turned their coats; they had repeated the former, and worn the latter till they were thread-bare, and the one could not be patched without putting a piece upon the other.

To give the devil his due, the whole of these *new mounted pop-guns*, or patriots, bore their unexpected good fortune with some degree of decorum, except Merryman, who no sooner found himself snugly seated in his Temple of Fortune, called the *Summer-House*, than his real character began to display itself, and to verify the old proverb of "*Set a beggar on horseback and he'll ride to the Devil.*" The broken-backed tenants, and his own necessitous creditors, were insulted by hearing the elegance of Mr. Merryman's routes at the Summer-House rung in their ears at a time when they were hardly put to it to get bread for their families. Not a word about retrenching useless places, and rubbing off old scores! It was remarkable, too, of the new household, and highly honourable to the memory of Vortex, that, notwithstanding their inveterate opposition to all his measures, they could not devise better ones, and were obliged to tread in his very steps, or do worse.

All the eyes and hopes of the Freelanders were now concentrated in Brush, who was known to be possessed of skill, judgment, phi-

lanthropy, and industry too, when it was necessary. He had opened a negociation for peace which, in all probability, he would have brought about on honourable terms, as he was personally known to and respected by the Bantam, if, unhappily for the tenants! death had not put an end to his existence and their hopes.

We have already spoken of his private character, in which, particularly towards the close of his life, when reason had subdued levity, the bright parts rendered the few specks almost imperceptible. The periods of his stewardship were so very short, that no proper judgment could be formed of him in a public point of view; but from what was well known of his general abilities, which he continued to display to the last moment, the best result might have been expected. If his span had been lengthened out, very few years more would, perhaps, have stamped him a most great, valuable, and glorious character. The negociation for peace, so far as he carried it on, was managed with that consummate skill, prudence, firmness, and foresight, which only rendered it the more deplo-

rable that he did not live to finish it. Peace be also to his ashes! and we shall take leave of him in a few words, by way of an epitaph.

EPITAPH ON * * *.

Here lie philanthropy and genuine wit:
Death aim'd at * * *, and all the three did hit!

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SQUIRE WISHES TO PLAY A CAPITAL PART IN "HE WOULD BE A SOLDIER;" BUT IS REFUSED BY THE THEATRICAL MANAGERS.—HE DISPLAYS HIS TASTE AND JUDGMENT IN BUILDING UP AND PULLING DOWN, AND RECEIVES A CHALLENGE FROM THE KNIGHT OF THE SILVER MOUNTAINS.

As we could not well break the thread of these important and quickly succeeding events, we must now go back a little to take a view of the Squire's conduct during the time of these accumulated disasters and losses.

After he had been refused the military command which he solicited, he appeared to fall back into his former lethargy, from which he rouzed only by fits and starts to commit new excesses. The most expensive, although the most useless, alterations were ordered to be made in Snarldown-House. A state bed-room was

fitted up with new furniture, and, amongst the rest, a most superb state bed, in which he and Mrs. Fitzwaddle might sail to the land of delight like two amorous whales, through an ocean of feathers. More extravagant alterations and additions were also made at the Pagoda, to which he seemed almost to have exiled himself, as the inhabitants of the town, in return for the vast sums of money which he caused to be spent in it by attracting visitants, worshipped him like a little god before his face, and, as is ever the case with such people, ridiculed his vanity and folly behind his back.

We would not have the reader entertain an idea that we are favourers of the levelling system, and take a pleasure in vilifying rank. Far from it! We are too well aware of its necessity and benefit to society, and are foes only to those who degrade it. It gives us pain to see rank debased by vices which are the very reverse of those virtues for which alone distinction ought to be conferred. The source of honour is like the sun which, shining on a healthy spot of land, gives birth to nutritious vegetables; but darting its generative rays equally on swamps, fens, and

marshes, creates baneful and noxious weeds. It is, therefore, the duty of a skilful satirist, as well as of a good agriculturist, to encourage the former, and grub up the latter. It is folly to imagine that rank alone confers dignity: the higher the rank, the lower is the possessor sunk by vices. We can have no idea of the dignity of human nature, but by comparing ourselves with other parts of God's creation, particularly the brute, who possess our locomotive powers, our appetites, and an instinct which prompts them to gratify their appetites. But this instinct goes no further, and therefore falls infinitely short of what is termed reason in man, which teaches him to look beyond the present, and to consult somewhat beyond self-gratification. The only distinction, then, between man and brute, seems to be that of reason; and where reason is wanting, and he acts only from self-gratification, he has no more than instinct, and can rank no higher than a brute.

To proceed:—Among other alterations and additions made to the Pagoda, shameful to relate! above 200,000 *livres* were sunk in building a palace, or, to speak more correctly, a mausoleum

for horses! The whole roof was a glass dome, which would attract the rays of the Sun like a green-house, so that it was evident that, after all the enormous expenditure, a horse could not survive such a hot-bath. One of his very constant attendants, we will not go so far as to say *companions*, was one Ropesend, formerly a constable, or thief-catcher, from whom he had stooped to borrow money at several times; and as his love for horse-racing had revived, another of the ministers, or tools of his pleasure, was one Mr. *Rakehellish*, who had run through a vast property with as much speed as his running horses could run away with, and, as a last resource, had purchased a commission under the Squire to keep him from a jail, beggary and contempt.

It was no wonder that the Squire relapsed into these excesses; if he could ever have been said to have abandoned them for a moment. It has been justly observed, that, after a full indulgence of any one sense, the man of pleasure, finding languor in all, is placed in a chasm between past and expected enjoyment, in which he perceives an interval that must be filled up.

But were there no other more honourable, and, we will add, indispensably necessary employments? Were there no duties attendant on the high station, to which he was looking forward, to be learnt? Were there no professors of those arts and sciences which are, at once, the ornament and the benefit of society, to be encouraged? Were there no poor bending under the pressure of unexpected and unmerited misfortune? Were the whole body of the tenants compelled to observe such economy and self-denial, that they stood in need of no example to encourage them in it, or to incite them to it? Yes, yes, there was plenty of room for all these necessary, useful, dignified, and proper employments, sufficient to have filled up the time of the most indefatigable man; but they were not to the Squire's taste.

The instant that Brush, and the rest of the Squire's party, as they were styled, had jumped into power, it was imagined that he would have plenty of money, or, what is equivalent, places at his command; and all those gaping hungry Cerberuses, from whom he had formerly stooped to receive favours, which were only lent with a

view to be repaid with enormous interest, began to expect a sop for their half-famished jaws. These expectations gave rise to a most ludicrous disclosure of some of the Squire's private concerns. One JEFFERY DUNSTAN, a silversmith, with great *depth* of *enterprize*, as he himself styled it, but, as every other person judged it to be, without the least *depth* of *understanding*, had, several years before, opened an account with the Squire at the very moment when his former silversmith had thought prudent to close his account, and to desire to have the balance. In the course of Dunstan's concerns with the Squire, he had once lent him a considerable sum (about 1900 *livres*) to pay a debt for which Mrs. Fitzwaddle had been threatened with an arrest. The money, however, was repaid to Dunstan at the time appointed; but whether with or without interest, he forgot, or did not think proper to say. He had also advanced to the Squire another considerable sum at a time when Mrs. Villars was with him; but he does not say whether it was for her use, although he seems to hint at it. Besides jewels to an immense amount, with which Dunstan had supplied the Squire for

his private purposes, he was ordered to furnish the articles of jewelry which were to be presented to his bride and family on his marriage. Dunstan brought in his whole bill to the trustees appointed to liquidate the Squire's debts; the articles which he had furnished were valued, according to the rule of the trade, by persons on both sides, and Dunstan was paid according to the valuation, allowing him 30 per cent. profit; but there was still a deduction made from his bill. Any moderate man would have thought this a handsome profit; but it would not do for Dunstan. He became a bankrupt some time afterwards for more than six times the amount of the deduction, and yet he had the impudence to attach his ruin to the non-payment of the whole of his bill. The fact was, that Dunstan being a man of very weak intellects, although possessed of a great share of that low cunning which never fails to attend ignorant and selfish people, had no sooner formed a *connection*, as he terms it, with the Squire, than, in hopes of being *provided* for, whether it rained, snowed, or blew, he set up for an *esquire* himself, lived away at a most extravagant rate, and neglected

his business, which, in return, forsook him. When Brush had got into power, Dunstan lost no time in putting the Squire in mind that he had it now in his power to return former favours, and that he stood greatly in need of them. Most unfortunately for Dunstan, although he had spent his money as profusely, we cannot say as genteelly, as any gentleman could have done; yet he was totally unacquainted with the manners and etiquette of one. The familiar style in which he rather demanded a return of favours, than solicited a grant of them, was deemed an insult by the Squire; for it may be remarked that, among great folks, it is considered that an inferior *cannot*, by any means, confer an obligation on his superior. Dunstan's applications were treated with silent contempt, and finding no probability of success from that mode, he, at length, threatened to publish a review of the Squire's conduct towards himself. As the Squire despised this insolent and contemptible menace, with more propriety and dignity than he had evinced in making himself subject to it, Dunstan put it into execution by means of a pamphlet. The result was, that the efforts of his pen convinced the

rational part of the tenants, that he was a fool, if not much worse; but it was no proof of the depth of the Squire's understanding that he trusted a fool with a secret—a fool, as Shakspeare says,

"as gross
As ignorance made drunk."

The natural consequence would be that it must be too big for his little chest. If the Squire's *friends* could not have accommodated him with the money, he might have borrowed it from Dunstan, or any other person, as gentlemen in every situation of life find a necessity of doing at some period of their lives; and if he had not said that it was wanted to pay a debt contracted by Mrs. Fitzwaddle—there would have been nothing in it. The publication did the Squire no injury; on the contrary, it might have been of service to him, if it had taught him that he who trusts a *fool* with a secret, will not be deemed *overwise* himself. Dunstan exclaimed loudly at the extravagant alterations which were going on at Snarldown-House, at a time when a penny was denied to his necessities; so that it was evident enough that, according to

Dunstan's ideas, the Squire's extravagance would have been no extravagance at all, if he himself had been admitted within its pale. But enough of Dunstan's nonsense! Let us now see when he talks somewhat like sense, be his motives for doing so what they will.

At the end of his publication he addresses a letter to Mrs. Fitzwaddle, which he premises by telling her that he understands she is much offended, and her *feelings hurt* at the freedom with which he had mentioned her name; and that he should rejoice if his so doing should lead to an alteration in her conduct, and induce her to consult the feelings of others. Dunstan then asks her if she supposes that Mrs. George Gildrig has no feelings—that the *gentry* of the manor, over whom she, although but a plebeian, arrogantly and insultingly assumed a precedence on every occasion, had no feelings—that the people of moral character had no feelings at seeing their money squandered away upon so unworthy an object, and decorum so openly violated? He concludes his letter by telling her that if she gave but a due consideration to the feelings of all these classes of society, they could

not fail of promoting that change in the disposition of her mind, which would relieve her own painful feelings, and secure her from the further contempt of the world.

When Dunstan does not talk upon a foolish subject, that is, of himself, he certainly says something to the purpose.

A bad matter is always rendered worse by stirring it! The Squire thought it beneath his dignity to stoop to pick up the gauntlet of this knight of the *silver mountains;* but some *officious fools* (of whom there are swarms ever ready to thrust themselves upon the notice of the great in hopes of either reward or the celebrity which they could not otherwise acquire) would fight the Squire's battle. Because he was a great man, and wanted no champion, these obliging people would perforce break a lance for his honour.

One of these unfeed solicitors (in hopes, perhaps, of a fee) exposes the fallacy of Dunstan's arithmetic, and lays open his interested designs, which were *primâ facie* evident enough to any one who could read his publication; so that he only did the Squire a disservice by keeping up the ball and giving that consequence to the

Review, which it did not possess. But this solicitor (a Mr. Diamond) was like a vicious cow which no sooner gives a full pail of milk than it kicks it down again. He winds up his pamphlet by saying that all that Dunstan has observed of Mrs. Fitzwaddle will never injure her with the *liberal* part of the public, though the author of it will be despised for an ungentlemanly attack on a *worthy* and *much esteemed* lady.

Now, either this Mr. Diamond, or ourselves, do not comprehend the signification of the term *liberal*. We understand it to mean the candid, moral, upright, virtuous, and well-bred (not fashionably bred) part of society; and with such persons, a demirip—an adulteress—an insulter of all the decent regulations of social life, can never be a *worthy* and *much esteemed* lady; especially the character in question; who has caused so much heavy expence to an otherwise distressed people; given so many cruel insults and shocks to an amiable and a most virtuous wife, as well as to persons who, in point of rank, fortune, and character, are, beyond all possibility of comparison, her superiors. To

bolster up the character of such a woman, merely on account of her sex, is to lay the axe to the root of decency, and to grub up morality; for sex is no shield against crime or its attendant infamy. If a woman commit murder or any other crime against the divine law, or break any of the statute laws of the land, she suffers for it without distinction of sex, unless she happens to be married, in which case she is very mercifully considered as having acted under the stress or compulsion of her husband. He who would enter the lists to defend the cause of such a woman is not, as he might delude himself into a belief of being, a *knight-errant:* no; he is—and so the *liberal* part of society, in our ideas of the sense of the word *liberal*, will deem him to be—a *knave-arrant*.

CHAPTER IX.

A TRANSLATION OF THE FRENCH STORY OF "LE COCU MALGRE SA FEMME," OR THE CUCKOLD WHETHER HIS WIFE WILL OR NO.—A VERY DELICATE ENQUIRY BY NOBODY INTO NOTHING, AND A PASSAGE IN SCRIPTURE EXPLAINED.

At the very outset of this chapter of our manuscript, in which our author treats of a very delicate, a very mysterious, and a very dark affair, he premises that he—

> ——————— "would but shake him,
> Rouse him a little from this death of honour,
> And shew him what he should be."

He talks of the Squire, whence the reader may conclude that he lived at the period whilst the transactions which he relates took place, and would be careful to set down no more than was at that time, established by fact, or stamped with the strongest marks of probability. He then proceeds as follows:—

Where any part of a man's life is dark, or mysterious, we can only form a judgment of the case by resorting to his former conduct; and even this mode may be very deceptive, as a man may, in time, get better as well as worse; but there are generally some symptoms of either amelioration or deterioration.

That part of the Squire's conduct, which we are next to consider, was enveloped in mystery. His wife's character was called into question in a most unwarrantable and, we will add, a most wanton manner, since there was not the least shadow of a proof of the crime which was alleged against her. She was accused of infidelity; but by whom, with whom, when or where, could never be brought forwards. Report said that the accusation was contained in a letter written by a certain gentleman and lady, who, however, publicly denied any knowledge of such an affair. Through whatever channel the accusation might have come, or whether there were any such or not, it was certain that such a scandalous rumour was buzzed about, and a very respectable character thought proper to advise for the *good of posterity*, and the *satisfaction* of

the tenants in general, as well as out of justice to the character of Mrs. George Gildrig, that some enquiry should be instituted into the reports so injurious to her honour. The advice was, *in part*, pursued: commissioners were named by the Lord to make the enquiry; but the result of it was never suffered to transpire to the public. What could be concluded from this secrecy? Why, out of that *charity* which is inherent to every honest liberal mind, towards a person accused of a crime, particularly one of the fairest and weakest sex;—out of that amiable rule of law, which directs that where there is the least shadow of doubt, the accused person should be acquitted: we must say that the accusation, if any were made, or, if not, the rumour, was *false*, *scandalous*, and *malicious*. If this be our rule of judgment in cases where an open and manly accusation is made, and, perhaps, only fails of being substantiated through the want of some trifling, though necessary, legal proof; does it not apply more forcibly to a case, where the accuser dare not shew his face, nor even avow his name, or the alleged crime is only founded

upon the tongue of rumour, perhaps, envenomed by envy, jealousy, or revenge?—Certainly.

As the scandal had got abroad into the public ear, why was not the lady's innocence, if she were innocent, proclaimed as loudly? Such a justification was her due—she had an undoubted right to demand it. But the unfortunate lady was far from home: she had no protector; for her husband, her natural protector, had not only deserted her, but he never stirred in the affair, as if the honour or dishonour of his wife was not of the smallest consequence to him: she had no friends, for her enemies had set all her husband's family against her; and that she must have had the bitterest of enemies, was evident from the diabolical and shameless reports which had been spread to the prejudice of her person and character. What could she do in such a dreadful predicament! Why, rely on a magnanimous, just, brave, and generous people to scout the villainous reports, and hold up the authors of them to detestation. She did so; and she found that she did not repose her fame on a broken reed. The tenants respected her the more for

the intolerable injuries and insults which had been heaped upon her, and which she had borne with an amiable resignation, though, at the same time, with all the fortitude of conscious innocence, and all the contempt of insulted dignity. They execrated the authors of her sufferings, and would have rejoiced to have seen them dragged forth to public view, and suffering the extremity which the law could inflict on their infamous designs. And as they passed—

> "the crowded way would sound
> With hissing scorn, and murm'ring detestation:
> The latest annals would record their shame;
> And when th' avenging muse, with pointed rage,
> Would sink some impious woman down to hell,
> She'd say she's false, she's base, she's foul as"—

—those who are guilty, will make the application.

We shall now enquire into the *passive* kind of conduct maintained by the Squire on this unpleasant occasion. Although every man of sense and feeling must have approved of his not pressing matters against his wife; yet it is impossible that they could have entertained a similar opinion of his observing the same passive

conduct in not publicly justifying her, by shewing her some token of esteem, if not of returning love. We cannot command our passions or emotions, whether of affection or antipathy; but it is our duty to keep them within the bounds of decency. A single visit—nay, a single formal complimentary enquiry into the state of her health, would have been sufficient to evince to the public his disbelief, or rather his moral certainty of the infamy, of the accusation or report. But he did nothing of the kind!

We say—evince to the *public;* for they were persons very—very nearly concerned in the affair, and they had a *right* to know the result of the enquiry. By the laws of the manor the lordship was entailed on the *lawfully begotten heirs* of his ancestors, and, consequently, of himself. The tenants were *obliged* to swear fealty to the legal possessors, and to maintain them in their rights against all usurpers, with their fortunes and their lives. They must know who were the legal possessors, to be able to maintain their oaths inviolate; and if the wife of the heir apparent were accused of infidelity, the

proofs might extend to the whole of her children, who would consequently be excluded from the inheritance, and the tenants owed them no fealty. If any descendants of the younger branches of the Lord's family should, at a future period, dispute the legality of the Squire's issue, who should be resolved to maintain it, all the horrors of a civil war might ensue, like that which we have before mentioned to have distracted the manor of Freeland, between the *red* and the *white noses*. The tenants and their posterity were, therefore, parties as nearly concerned in the issue of the enquiry as the Squire himself or any of his family. It might be said that the commission was not a legal one, but only of a private nature, to satisfy the parties themselves; but if it was not intended either to fully justify the accused lady, or if there were no grounds for it, to bring matters to a legal issue, it was appointed for no end at all. But in either case, the public had a right, for the reasons before alleged, to be acquainted with the result. It might also be said that in common life, it is not usual, nay, it is reckoned indelicate and improper, for any reasons whatever (except by blood very nearly

connected with the parties) to interfere in a case like the unfortunate situation in which the Squire and his Lady were placed; nay, even to talk of it is generlly an obtrusion, and reckoned impertinent; family matters of that kind are generally, among people of sense and discretion, as it were forbidden conversation.—Granted. But what would be very indelicate and improper in common life, where none but the parties themselves and the blood very nearly connected with them are or can be concerned, is very proper where a whole people are parties to the affair, and their fortunes and lives may be staked on the issue.

Of this opinion was the gentleman who recommended the enquiry, and if his advice was followed in part, why not in all? He conceived that the enquiry would be proper (among other reasons which we have before given) *for the good of posterity, and the satisfaction of the tenants in general;* by which expressions he must have meant the posterity of the tenants, as well as those of the Lord. The accused or calumniated lady would naturally be benefited by such a disclosure, as she could only have

received injury from the accusation or calumny. Where then was the delicacy in this mystery? As matters stood, the malignity of her enemies recoiled upon themselves, and her character shone the brighter for it. Every *iota* of what had been propagated to her disfavour, not only in the present instance, but on the occasion of the separation, was totally disbelieved. Her reputation was afterwards rendered as white as snow, but unhappily by another and most dreadful calamity.

Eagle Frederic had been tampered with by the insidious Bantam till he had wholly reduced the lord of the Gormands; and, having no longer any fear of his thwarting his ambitious views, he began to make the most insolent demands on Eagle Frederic. Finding that all his concessions and forbearance only served to increase the ambition, avarice, and encroachments of the Bantam, Eagle Frederic at length assumed the courage to resist them, and arm in his own defence; but the Bantam had corrupted several of the leaders of his warriors by means of bribes, and gave him a signal defeat, which at once deprived him of all his territories,

and drove him to seek refuge under the wings of the lord of the Bearskins. Among his incorruptible leaders was the brave Farmer Brownwig, the father of Mrs. George Gildrig, who was slain, gallantly endeavouring to prevent the disgrace of his lord.

This additional misfortune attached the generous Freelanders more firmly and openly to Mrs. George Gildrig, and the Lord and Lady again received her at the mansion-house with every mark of sincere cordiality and esteem. As they were both persons of the most unblemished morals, and most rigid observers of decorum, such a reception at once announced the result of the enquiry, and must have for ever sealed the mouths of her enemies; but the Squire did not relent! Although his lady had stood the fiery ordeal without flinching, and dared her enemies to the proof—

> "Let envious jealousy, and canker'd spite
> Produce my actions to severest light,
> And tax my open day, or secret night:
> Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
> The least inclin'd to play the *wanton's* part?
> Did e'er my eye one lawless thought reveal,
> Which angels might not hear and virgins tell?"

Although the commissioners of enquiry, on the most strict investigation, must have acquitted her of the least levity in her conduct, as was apparent from her renewing her visits to the mansion-house, *where wantonness, if it be to be found at all, only skulks about at midnight, like caterwauling cats on the gutters of the house-top*; yet that justice, which would have been most grateful to her amiable and (perhaps in spite of all her wrongs!) doating heart; that justice, for the want of which the esteem of all the rest of the world could not have made her amends; that heart, for the loss of which all the hearts in the universe could not have recompensed her; that justice and that heart were still withheld from her!

But there is another and a better world for some folks whose reckonings are clear; and another and a worse world for other folks whose accounts will not bear them through!

We will accuse no one—we will not judge the adulteresses, who have laboured openly and secretly to sow disunion and discord in a family, and to supplant a most amiable and affectionate wife in the love and esteem of her husband;

that would be to arrogate to ourselves a privilege of the Supreme Being. But as the scriptures enjoin us *to render to Cæsar what is Cæsar's due;* we may reasonably presume that the Almighty will take especial care that the *Devil* shall have *his own!*

CHAPTER X.

MORE MISFORTUNES ARISING FROM THE INABILITY OF PUTTING OLD HEADS ON YOUNG SHOULDERS.—A SHOW AD CAPTANDUM VULGUS, AND SLIGHTS OF HAND BY A WELL KNOWN MOUNTEBANK: A GENUINE ANECDOTE.

The Manor of Freeland, at this time, resembled a vessel at sea without either rudder or compass. After Brush was gone, the main hinge of the door was broken off, and the door itself, dragging enormous ruin with it, threatened to fall on the devoted heads of the Freelanders. Whoever had carefully explored the regions of history must have observed, that where nations are running to decay, there are certain infallible prognostics of the approaching ruin; men let every thing go to fortune, or, as the more forcible expression of the vulgar tongue has it, *run to the Devil*, like sailors, who when they see all their efforts to keep the ship from drifting on a lee-

shore ineffectual, desist from labour, and plunder the store-rooms to drown with intoxicating spirits the thoughts of approaching annihilation. Nations are but larger kinds of manors, and this was exactly the state of the manor of Freeland. Every one had some machine ready to force the public store-rooms; all appeared eager for plunder, and, as will always happen in troublesome time, the scum was uppermost. The situation of the ship became every day more critical, and they knew not of any skill in their *untried* pilots which could restore them to any thing like confidence:—

——————— "Each *petty* hand
Can steer a ship becalm'd; but he, that will
Govern and carry her to his ends, must know
His tides, his currents; how to shift his sails;
What she will bear in foul, what in fair, weather;
Where her springs are, her leaks; and how to stop them;
What sands, what shelves, what rocks, do threaten her;
The forces and the natures of all winds,
Gusts, storms, and tempests; when her keel ploughs hell
And deck knocks heav'n; then, then to manage her
Becomes the name and office of a pilot."

JOHNSON'S CATILINE.

Now the Freeland pilot was but a *petty* hand,

and had never before been master of a *cockboat*, and all his *hands* were, as the sailors say, only a parcel of *land-lubbers*.

The negociation for peace, which Brush had been carrying on with every prospect of success, was soon knocked on the head after his departure; the rest of the household attempted to walk in his shoes, but they were too big for them, and threw them down at every step. The Bantam, who had felt some awe of the talents of Brush, thought he might profit more by the inexperience of his successors in war, than by a peace. He marched on to new conquests, and, as we have already mentioned, he drove Eagle Frederic out of the cock-pit by a single blow. Then following the bent of his implacable hatred towards Freeland, for the gratification of which he minded no sacrifice of honour, honesty, and blood, and would have agonized the universe, he fell upon some neutral places on the edge of the moat, on his own side of it, by means of which the Freelanders still carried on their trade, and seized and confiscated all their property. When the inhabitants of one of the most considerable places waited upon him to point out that he was

injuring the tenants of his own manor as well as those of Freeland, as through their means all the remaining trade of that quarter was carried on to the great advantage of the Gulls, as well as of their enemies, and that if he persisted in shutting up their port, trade would be annihilated: the little tyrant replied, that that was exactly what he wished; there should be no trade; it were better there were none than that it should be monopolized by the Freelanders. So desperately may the *Times* be ridden by one of the most contemptible creatures existing in them! The Freelanders felt the effects of his envy, and the stagnation of their trade seemed to have stunned them for a while. They were like Hudibras:—

> "Whose only solace was that now
> His dog-bolt fortune was so low,
> That either it must quickly end,
> Or turn about again and mend."

But recollecting that their chief dependence was on themselves, they soon regained their usual spirit of enterprize, and convinced the Bantam that, like Antæus, the earth was their parent, and renewed their vigour whenever they were

brought down to it. This was not fabulous, but literally true. Whilst their agricultural industry supplied their manufactures, and theirs supplied the world, nothing but the grossest mismanagement of their affairs could make bankrupts of them; nought but the corruption of their own representatives could make slaves of them.

But this corruption did really exist to a most dreadful and alarming degree, and was much—much more to be deprecated than the force of any foreign power. We must now, unwillingly, and with a degree of loathsomeness, proceed to give some few examples of it.

In the midst of this gloom, another show sprang up for the public diversion; we call it a *show*, for it really was one. Although the occasion was the solemn exercise of the grand and almost only remaining privilege of the tenantry; yet by the ingenuity of the candidates and their supporters, the corruption on one side and the popular indignation on the other, it was more vilely burlesqued than ever was one of Shakspeare's finest tragedies at Bartholomew or any other fair. But as a little trifling entertainment

was played off before the grand piece, as Bayes says, to insinuate the plot of the latter into the boxes, pit, and gallery, we must, on this occasion, follow his example, as the plot of one grand piece was, through the art of the managers, no less confused than any of his.

An election of a delegate to the Common Hall was to take place at the sign of the Westminster Arms, in the room of the late secretary, and some of the electors, who had always been his admirers, imagined that Merryman would be the fittest person to succeed him, as he had always been his political shadow. These persons were, such as were either mistaken in Merryman's abilities, or had been blinded by the *dust* which flew from the *Summer House*. Brush himself, although he found a good tool in Merryman, was too well aware of his dissoluteness and indolence not to be afraid to trust him with any considerable post, as was evident enough from the circumstance that Merryman was not present with the new household when they were first presented to the Lord, and that the office to which he was afterwards appointed was not filled for some time afterwards. They were

afraid either to trust him or to break with him, as he was very *hard-mouthed*. If it should be granted to these persons either blinded by mistake (for there is no recovery of people blinded by gold dust) that they had not had time enough, since the death of Brush, to discover that Merryman was only an opaque body, like the moon, and borrowed all his light from the sun, Brush; and that when the earth (the grave) was between them, all Merryman's splendour was eclipsed; yet why would they not take his own word for it when he, with more art than honesty, confessed that he was unfit to succeed Brush in a public office, as he had always been extremely indolent in his own private concerns? They must have been of that description of people who, after they have once given an opinion of a man, will never be induced to own their error although they themselves are fully sensible of it. Merryman played the *coquette* as artfully as if he had been an actor in Ben Jonson's days, when the female parts were performed by men, and had grounded himself by practice in all the crocodile art; he whimpered—he whined—he *drew forth a tear*, by means of an onion or otherwise, and

exhibited a scene which could be equalled only by Quirke's dagger scene. "It was one thing," he said, "to represent the electors of the Westminster Arms, and another thing to represent those of the Staffordshire Arms. The former were, at least, the second body of the kind in the manor; but he had represented the latter for many years, and he was highly *indebted* to them. He would, therefore, with the utmost reluctance, resign the high honour which they intended for him to some persons more capable of filling the *duties* of such a station." Almost any man was that person; but one of the electors had no sooner taken him at his word, and proposed a most respectable gentleman, than Merryman's jealousy made a broad discovery of his duplicity by attacking both the proposer and the proposed. The fact was that though, from the most interested motives, he declined the present offer, yet he looked upon it as a kind of insult that any person should be deemed fit to succeed the late secretary but himself. The reasons of his declension were, however, obvious enough to the eye of common sense. By the constitution of the manor, a general election of delegates was to

take place in every seventh year; the period of the next general election was only some months distant; and he would not shew his ingratitude to his old constituents for so short a reign, particularly as he wanted to make such a merit with them of this temporary preference given to themselves over one of the first bodies in the manor, as should induce them to accept his *beloved son* in his room at the next general election, when he had fully predetermined to desert them.

"We'll mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know."

SHAKSPEARE.

Merryman's duplicity and artifice, however, had nearly, very nearly, miscarried in the grand point; it totally failed in the secondary point, and, in the end, blew away all the baseless fabric of his unmerited fame. The electors, who assembled at the Westminster Arms were, as we have already said, at least the second body of that kind in the manor; and, from their respectability, and their neighbourhood to the Common Hall, they had always enjoyed a great weight with the steward. Merryman, buoyed up with the apparently voluntary offer of the electors to

choose him for their representative, haughtily declared, previously to the general election, that he would not be indebted for his election to the least *iota* of *household* influence; his vanity made him imagine that he could depend on the same attachment of the electors as his predecessor had enjoyed, and that, through them, he could make his own terms with the steward: but he found himself rather mistaken; the mask had, in the mean, fallen off, and discovered a part of his carbuncled face. His grand entertainment at the Summer-House (where the *Rising Sun* shone with illustrious splendour *) was justly regarded by those who had any sense of propriety, and by his own private creditors, as an insult and want of honesty; his intended dereliction of his old constituents, was rightly construed into a want of gratitude; and happy would it have been for the tenants at large if the electors of the Westminster Arms had given him a defeat at the general election, and reduced him to the dunghill whence he sprang. He would then have had no opportunity of misapplying the public money in the subversion of their

* Vipe Frontispiece.

dearest rights, as we shall hereafter have to show the reader that he did.

When called upon either by creditors or *acquaintance*, (for such a man can have no friends,) to repay former debts or favours, his current coin was *ready wit*, which may be pleasing at times, but is quite the reverse with tradesmen whose families are in want of *ready cash*.

One of the puns, with which he put off an acquaintance, who came to ask him a favour, is so good, that, as it is not altogether foreign to our purpose of describing the Squire and his party, we shall think its wit will prove a sufficient apology to the reader for introducing it.

A certain musical *friend* of the musical Mrs. Caressal, who was remarkable for turning old Italian musical compositions into new English ones, as the Jews deal by second-hand clothes, and make them, as they would have us believe, *better than new;* had opened a musical—not a shop—no, a *saloon!* He had transposed a shop into a saloon for the purpose of vending the *transmigrations* of Italian composers into his own Irish body. But the Squire's party had no

sooner come into power than, knowing them to be a *wet* administration, he formed the idea of uniting Bacchus with Apollo, that is, of adding the wine to his musical trade. With this view he called upon his old acquaintance Merryman, and solicited not only his own custom, but his interest with his friends, in the bottle way. Merryman replied that as for himself he had not paid his wine-merchant, who had had faith in him for seventeen years past, and that he could not leave him till he had paid his bill, which would be God knew when! As for his friends, he believed they were most of them in the same condition. But although their custom was out of the question, he would give him, if he thought proper to accept it, a *motto* to put on his sign, which might prove of great service to him in his double trade. The composer, I beg pardon—I should have said the transposer, being aware of the service which Merryman's wit had been of to himself in his own *double dealings*, thankfully accepted the offer.—"Well then," said Merryman, "put on your sign-board these words:—"*****, *Importer* of *Music*, and *Composer* of *Wine*."

Whether through the force of this raillery, or the disappointment of such expected good customers, the wine trade came to nothing, and Merryman had, perhaps, the merit of being unthinkingly conducive to the health of some of the Lord's tenants, which must have suffered more from these *compositions* denominated *Wine*, than from any *musical* composition, which honey-like, was industriously pilfered from every flower.

But we come now to the grand show—the general election, in which we shall see Mr. Merryman painted at full length, and corruption unblushingly showing its deformed visage.

CHAPTER XI.

THE HUMOURS OF POPULAR ELECTIONS.—GRINNING THROUGH A HORSE-COLLAR, AND SPECIMENS OF THE VULGAR TONGUE ADAPTED TO THE USE OF GENTLEMEN.

Mr. Locke, in his treatise on Government, ranks it among those breaches of trust in the executive magistrate which, according to his notions, amount to a dissolution of the government, if he employs the force, treasure, and offices of the society to corrupt the representatives, or openly to pre-engage the electors, and prescribe what manner of persons shall be chosen. For thus to regulate candidates and electors, and new-model the ways of election;—what is it, says he, but to cut up the government by the roots, and poison the very fountain of public security? What else, indeed, is it? If the society is divided into three estates, and it is death on the lowest to infringe upon the existence of the highest; it

must, at least, amount to a dissolution of the compact, if the highest cut up the chief privilege of the lowest by the root. Blackstone, another learned writer on the affairs of England, remarks, that it is essential to the very being of parliaments, that elections should be absolutely free, and therefore all undue influences upon the electors were illegal, and strongly prohibited. After enumerating the laws which were then in force for securing the freedom of elections to the people, he says:—Undue influence being thus (I wish the depravity of mankind would permit me to say effectually) guarded against, the election is to be proceeded to on the day appointed; the sheriff, or other returning officer, first taking an oath against bribery, and for the due execution of his office. The electors also are compellable to take the oath against bribery and corruption, and it might not be amiss if the members elected were bound to take the same oath, which, in all probability, would be more effectual than administering it only to the electors. We think it would be an improvement on Blackstone, if the ministry were also obliged to take the same oath.

Locke and Blackstone were both of them good Englishmen, and firm supporters of the *genuine* constitution!

Now although from these words of two sound writers, we may collect that elections were the most solemn affairs, and that the wisdom of parliament had devised every means to prevent an undue influence or corruption over or in them, yet they were notoriously made the most scandalous scenes of debauchery, corruption, and excess, that the mind of man could ever form an idea of. The elections of the manor of Freeland were founded on the very same mode, and, we are sorry to add, carried on in the very same manner. The fact of corruption was so notorious, that even Billy Vortex, himself had commenced his career as a patriot, by professing himself a friend to a reformation of the Common Hall.—Quirke was of the same opinion; but when the former was a placeman, and the latter a pensioner, on a motion made by Greygoose in the Common Hall, to bring about that desirable end, they both vehemently opposed it, on account of the insurrection in the manor of the Gulls. Merryman warmly espoused the cause of reform,

and said;—"This it is that sours the temper of the people, that neither in the church, the army, the flotilla, or any public office, was any appointment given, but in consequence of household influence; that, in consequence, corrupt majorities were at the will of the steward. In short, whether the eye turned to the church, the army, the flotilla, or to the common hall, it could only observe the seeds of inevitable decay in the constitution of the manor. He affirmed that the object of reform which he and his friends had in view, would be persevered in until it should be effectually accomplished. Was it possible that this man and his son could not only become inefficient and useless placemen, but could convert, or rather pervert, the public money to the purposes of corrupting electors?—Go on, reader, and you will be able to judge for yourself.

When the period of the general election arrived, Merryman declared himself one of the candidates to represent the electors at the Westminster Arms, and as he had declared that he would not accept of the *household* interest, the

steward thought he might as well assist another candidate, and thus have both the delegates in his interest. They, therefore, put up one SAM BONNET, a brave man, who had ably defended his country against the enemy on board the flotilla, for the other candidate. The electors had nothing to allege against Bonnet, but that he was a *household* man, and could not attend to his duty on board the flotilla and in the Common Hall, at one and the same time.

The independent electors were, however, indignant that the steward should attempt to dictate to them the choice of both their representatives, and they put up one PAUL SHEERS, the son of a Scotch taylor, who had commenced his career as a patriot, but whether with a view like his predecessors, in ending as a placeman, we have not heard.

Merryman had so often told the story in public of his being a sincere friend of the tenants, that, perhaps, like some other storytellers we have heard of, he believed it himself, he certainly hugged himself in the idea that the greater part of the tenants believed it, and thought

himself so secure of his election that he mocked all opposition to scorn. His oily tongue had so long buoyed him up, that he imagined :—

> "The world was still deceiv'd with ornament:
> In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
> But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
> And cover'd with fair specious subtleties,
> Obscures the show of reason? In religion,
> What damned error, but some sober brow
> Will bless it, and approve it with a text?
> There is no vice so artless, but assumes
> Some mark of virtue on its outward parts,
> Hiding the grossness with fair ornament."

If the electors could have possibly overlooked the grossness of his conduct after his coming into office, he might have said with a certain drunken actor of the present day, who having insulted the public on many occasions, and one night more particularly so, went behind the scenes and said :—"*There, if they will take that, they will take any thing!*" But the very first opening of the election convinced Merryman that the electors would not *take any thing*.

A stage having been erected in a *cabbage garden*, belonging to the *Westminster Arms*, for the

accommodation of the candidates and their particular friends. The first who appeared on it, was Paul Sheers, accompanied by Mr. Francis Browbeat, a rich independent gentleman, and a Mr. Cobwell, a man of great talents and strength of mind, as his friends. The populace greeted them with their loudest plaudits. Next came Merryman, who appeared to have not quite slept away the dose which he had taken on the preceding night, and to have been hurried out of bed by his friends, who were PETER BORE and SAMMY BROWNBREAD, two *patriots*, who were only waiting for a wind to go about, the former to a pension, and the latter to the second story of the mansion-house.—The populace hissed with every mark of indignation and contempt, and their hisses and revilings first awoke Merryman from his dream of popularity, at the loss of which he was evidently much surprised and disappointed. Sam Bonnet then mounted the stage, with several respectable friends, but he was not well received by the independent electors, because they knew him to be a steward's man.

After some little preliminary skirmishing, the

candidates were named, and a shew of hands proceeded in, which appeared to be in favour of Sheers and Bonnet, but Merryman demanded a poll, which was immediately commenced. The poll might be kept open, if the candidates persisted, fifteen days, but no longer, to give all the electors an opportunity to vote. At the close of the first day, Sheers was a-head, Merryman next, and Bonnet last. Merryman was so chagrined at the unexpected and strenuous opposition which he was likely to meet with, where he expected to walk over the course, and at the revilings of the vulgar, whom, from a congeniality of manners and sentiments, he expected to find on his side, that he lost the little of the air and language of a gentleman which he had picked up in the company of such, and left the stage, growling out that they were a set of blackguards, and he would be d—d before he would stay any longer. This was rather coarse language for one who afterwards accused his competitor Sheers, of being *irritable* and scurrilous! As Merryman was going off, one of the mob struck at him with a bludgeon; but the blow was prevented by one of the by-standers from

taking place, it would else, in all probability, have proved a receipt in full to the treasurer.

On the second day, Merryman, who had been convinced of the slippery tenure of popularity, and that he was on the *descensus Averni*—never to retrace his steps, was said to be taken so ill that he could not appear on the stage. But this was only a feint, probably to excite the popular indignation against the ruffian who had attacked him, and to raise their commiseration in his favour, for he was seen walking about, soliciting the electors, and had, as one of the candidates, Sheers, said of him, received another blow—but that which his own hand had levelled at his own head, by drinking to drown disappointment. On this day's poll, Sheers was first, and Merryman last. In the absence of his friend Merryman, Peter Bore, of Stentorian stammering, stumbling memory, harangued the electors in his behalf, but they made more noise than he did, and kindly prevented him from exposing his own folly. The issue of the third day was similar. Merryman, who had started with haughtily disclaiming all *household* influence, was now driven to the humiliating necessity of soliciting

it most humbly, and with difficulty obtained a coalition between himself and Bonnet, which rendered the independent electors more enraged against both of them. To make up for the non-appearance of Merryman, a pantomimic trick was resorted to. The scene-shifters, candle-snuffers, supernumeraries, and bill-stickers of his theatre, appeared before the stage on the fourth day, some of them carrying a pole mounted with a cabbage, and a tailor's goose, and others, a board, on which sat a monkey, the supposed representative of a tailor at work. This curious procession was intended in ridicule of Sheers, but the monkey might equally well have been taken for the representative of the absent candidate, and was as serviceable a one as Mr. Bore. Sheers still led the way, and Merryman closed the rear.

Matters went on thus during the first six days, and on the seventh it was evident that Bonnet was sure of being one of the elected, and that the contest would lay between the other two. As Merryman, who had now re-appeared, and Sheers had discovered nearly an equal talent for buffoonery, invective and grinning *ad captandum*

vulgus, the populace proposed that they should grin through horse-collars, and exert their talents at bespattering each other for their amusement, and held up their favour as the prize of the one who should evince most talents in his art.

The proposal was accepted by the two rival candidates, and the horse collars were instantly brought and put round their necks to add to the *solemnity* of the scene.—Sheers then began the following dialogue with his friends among the populace:

Sheers. Who is he who obtains goods under false pretences?

Mob. A swindler.

Sheers. Who never pays his debts?

Mob. A swindler.

Sheers. Who lives upon the property and means of others?

Mob. A swindler.

Sheers. Should a swindler be a delegate to the Common Hall?

Mob. No, no, no Merryman!

Merryman. Who is this Mr. Sheers? Is he of high blood? Is he even a gentleman? No, no, he is the son of a tailor, and if he will resign his

absurd and foolish pretensions and opposition, he shall be appointed master-tailor of my theatre.

Mob. Will you pay him his salary? None of your pantomimic tricks, traps, and changes to trick us out of our rights! No mountebank member! Honest men pay their debts, rogues do not.

Merryman. Gentlemen, I have listened to you, and you are d——d fools not to hear me. I am not to be deterred by hired ruffians, and from such only I receive abuse. I ask you—Is the son of a Scotch tailor, who was half starved upon cabbage and broth, but grew fat upon a beadleship; —is that son who is scarcely higher than a tailor's *yard*, who went from home a *dung* and returned a *fool;* is that man to be put in competition with one who has served you twenty-six years? Is the tulip of the garden, the daffy-down-dilly of the *summer-house*, to be ousted by a cabbage stalk?

Mob. Pray, Mr. Merryman, is it not as honourable to be born on a tailor's shop-board as on a mountebank's stage? Is there no *cabbage* in your *summer-house?*

Sheers. Yes, and a bell too, to hide it in

Who denounced a steward as the greatest enemy to the tenantry, and pledged himself to bring him to trial?

Mob. The tulip.

Sheers. Who has associated with that same steward afterwards, and joined him in a worse system of corruption than that which he had before deprecated?

Mob. The daffy-down-dilly.

Sheers. Who is it that, when in opposition, was perpetually declaiming against jobs, places, and public delinquency; but, when in place, becomes the colleague of rogues, and the screener of guilt?

Mob. The tulip.

Sheers. Who is it that brow-beats the pursuers of guilt, and throws obstacles in the way of all proper and just inquiry?

Mob. The daffy-down-dilly.

Sheers. Who is it that disgusts people by the profligacy and apostacy of his actions, and then reproaches them with being a hired mob?

Mob. The tulip.

Sheers. Who is it that has spent his whole life in a system of delusion, fraud, and hypo-

crisy,—paying no debts that he ever contracted, unless when he bartered principles for place, and discharged them with the plunder of his country?

Mob. The daffy-down-dilly.

Sheers. Who is it that is become the supporter of the same men, and the same desperate system, which has mortgaged the tenants of Freeland manor from head to foot—leaving scarcely any thing which can be taxed that is not already taxed, after opening our veins, and draining them so long, that they have left nothing but our heart's blood?

Mob. The tulip.

Sheers. If such a man can be found, does he not deserve to swing upon that gallows that he screens, by his duplicity, others from, rather than be returned to the Common Hall by the very tenants whom he has so fleeced and betrayed?

Mob. Yes, no tulip, no daffy-down-dilly! tread him under foot!

Merryman. Gentlemen, I am here a candidate for the cause of you all. I challenge the whole body of the *lower classes* to point out a single instance where I have not acted as their friend.

I shall conclude by saying that I thank my friends, and scorn my enemies, and shall be prepared to grin through this horse-collar to the last against my opponent. [*Goes off.*

Sheers. Who is asking to be one of your delegates? The son of an obscure Irish player, a profession proscribed by our laws, and its followers stigmatized as incorrigible rogues and vagabonds. Possessed of a considerable share of ribaldry, obscenity, and dissoluteness of manners, this *harlequin* son of a *mountebank* father was indulged by some few of the depraved *gentry* of the age with an admission into their society as a hired jester, in which capacity he moved through all the gradations of meanness, tricking, and impudence, to the station which he now fills.

His career has been marked with every species of profligacy and extravagance, to support which, he has been compelled to resort to cunning and vile imposture. I will not make any honest man blush by a recital of them.

The ruin of hundreds of industrious tradesmen, and their numerous families are the evidences, and will rise in vengeance against such oppressors.

In his public character, he was a systematic opposer (right or wrong) of all the measures of the *household;* but when admitted among them, he proposed the same measures; the inconsistent tergiversating patriot, and the apostate of public liberty. Debased;—sunk below the possibility of recovery;—mortified and stung to the soul by the success of his opponents, this would-be, and cannot-be, popular candidate, on his knees most humbly sues his masters to raise him from the dirt. They will raise him, but only to make him their tool, their dependent, their slave; will you be represented by such a person?

Mob. No, no, no Merryman. Sheers for ever! [*They separate.*

CHAPTER XII.

MORE HUMOURS OF POPULAR ELECTIONS.—FREEHOLDERS KNOCKED DOWN WITH THEIR OWN CLUB.—FABLE OF THE FROG AND THE BOY.

On the 8th day, Bonnet led the way, and Merryman closed the rear. *Sammy Brownbread* congratulated the *independent* electors on the state of the poll, in which his friend Merryman was gaining ground. With respect to the objections against his other friend, Bonnet, he deprecated the idea that a placeman could not be a delegate to the Common Hall.

Mob. Are not you, yourself, in expectation of a place, Sammy? (No answer.) What! Sammy, are you ashamed to avow that you are going to turn tail on your former principles to gain a seat in the second story?—Come, come, we have had enough of *brown bread*—let us have the grinners—put on the horse-collars.

When the two knights were arrayed in their

collars, they advanced to the front of the stage, and Merryman thus began:—Is not Mr. Sheers the agent of a rebellious tenant of Oude Farm?

Is he not in correspondence with the Bantam?

Does he not know that the Gulls threaten to invade us before the next meeting in the Common Hall?

Sheers—Gentlemen; This night died the *Last Hope* of Dicky Merryman, treasurer of the flotilla. This lady, after a short but painful illness, expired, with a violent struggle, in the arms of her daughter, *Despair*, greatly lamented by all her friends, as, by her death, that *renowned patriot* will be deprived of every means of subsistence, *she* having been his sole support for a great number of years. Her obsequies will be attended to the grave with all due solemnity, accompanied with the groans and tears of all the placemen, pensioners, *household* stewards, clerks, collectors, tax-gatherers, fraudulent debtors, gamblers, swindlers, rogues and vagabonds, connected with the family.

Mob. May all the family speedily follow!

On the ninth day, the poll closed as on the

preceding one; but Merryman still gained ground on Sheers, and his spirits again began to flow, and he addressed the populace in the following manner with an affected air of good humour:—You were rather harsh towards me yesterday; but it proceeded from a *confederacy* against me. I was surprized to find that the journeymen, in particular, were entrapped into the confederacy—the *shoemakers* especially—the very class of persons from whom I should expect a decided partiality—the very persons by whom I have been six times chosen a delegate to the Common Hall—with whom I fondly thought myself as great a favourite as *Crispin* himself. Indeed, I ought to be popular with journeymen of every description, as I always chose them for my drinking companions in preference to their masters, and I once made one of the *journeymen calico-printers* drunk at his own expense, and afterwards helped him over a gutter in his way home, although I could scarcely stand on my own legs. The fellow, out of gratitude, made me a present of a set of calico *bed-furniture*, which I was glad to accept, although, at that time, I had no bedstead to hang it on. How-

ever, the bed-furniture was carefully preserved by *my uncle*, and when my exertions for the public good were crowned with success, and I had gained a bed, and money enough to redeem the furniture, I put them up, and now make use of them. It was also reported that the journeymen printers were in the confederacy; but that report was false; they have been friends to me, and I have been a friend to them. You see that I now move on, though I lagged at first; but I now look with confidence to the result, and conclude with saying—Sammy Bonnet and *myself* for ever!

Sheers—Gentlemen; If Mr. Merryman should be successful, he should have the modesty to attribute it rather to your mercy, than his own deserts. What is it he solicits from you?—A place in the Common Hall, which is to him what a cathedral would be to men who had, in former times, violated the laws. He implores you not to consign him to his merciless creditors who, he fears, would unanimously *return* him to a large stone-building, not called the Common-Hall, but which is, nevertheless, a very *common house*. What he has told you of his services to journey-

men calico-printers, I believe to be a fact, although, if there had been shame in him, he should have blushed to have owned it. As to the printers, he certainly encourages them, for there is now in the press—a new, and correct edition of a celebrated and often performed play, called THE DOUBLE DEALER; with considerable additions, commentaries, annotations, and illustrations, by that most admired playwright and shifter, DICKY MERRYMAN, treasurer of the flotilla, pensioner of 4000 livres a year, drawn from the vitals of the industrious poor.

Mob. Hang him, draw him, and quarter him, and stick up a quarter in each corner of the abode of the grand adviser, and patron of all apostates!

On the tenth day, the state of the poll was similar, but Merryman was still gaining ground on Sheers, on which, with great self-command of temper, he recommended moderation to his competitor.

On the eleventh day, Merryman got a-head of Sheers, and said that he could not express himself without some emotions of joy and exultation. Mr. Sheers might endeavour to persuade some of

the electors, that he was unfit to be a delegate, but he could not deprive him of the *mind* and *manners* of a gentleman, (he was right, a man can never be deprived of what he never possessed) in both of which he was convinced that his rival was woefully deficient. (The reader must recollect the vulgar adage of the pot and kettle!)

On the twelfth day, the poll was similar to that of the preceding day. Mr. Peter Bore opened the ball, by decrying Billingsgate language in language which would have disgraced Billingsgate!

Merryman thanked the electors, and congratulated them on *his*, or rather *their* triumph, as he termed it, as *they* were to be benefited by it, and not himself. He particularly expressed his gratitude to the females of *every description*, for he did not believe that there was one single woman, at least not one good-looking one, who was not on his side. (There were some of those hireling beauties who infest the lobbies of theatres, unquestionably, on his side.) He added that if he were to notice all the *lies*, which malice and impudence had sent forth against him, (what

language from the lips of a person, who, only the day before, had boasted himself possessed of the mind and manners of a gentleman!) he should only waste his breath, which he should keep to cool his porridge, since he had secured it so snugly.

Sheers retorted that since the treasurer was so *degraded* as to utter the most gross falsehoods, he wondered that he was not ashamed to shew his face. (He should have said the copy of his face, for the original had never made its appearance—at least on the public stage.) He charged Peter Bore with *boring* the steward for a pension, and hoped that Brownbread was not going to barter his senses for a place in the *Hospital* for *Incurables*.

We will not disgust the reader by wading through a repetition of these gross indecencies and fulsome adulations, intended to tickle the ear of the *swinish multitude*, and cajole them out of their senses, which were almost the sole property left them. At the close of the poll, Bonnet and Merryman were declared to be the successful candidates. The *household* had supported Merryman, not through love or respect, but

because he had wholly forgotten his former rant about placemen, pensioners, and corruption; and they dreaded the vociferation of Sheer, who had denounced eternal war against the two former, and declared that he would join to lay the axe to the root of the latter.

Reader. But where, Mr. Author, was the independence of the electors?

Author. Many had their independence at the end of their tongues, and uttered it with their votes, according to the honest dictates of their conscience: more had it in the bottom of their pockets, where it lay smothered by treasury-bills, orders in the way of trade, notices to quit their houses, &c.

Reader. The Freelanders were certainly a very aggrieved and oppressed people; but it was their own fault: the laws had defined their rights, and they ought to have displayed a proper firmness and determination to suffer no encroachments upon them.

Author. Hark, Reader!—Look at home; Remove the beam from thine own eye, before thou offerest to pluck the mote from thy brother's.

Reader. Right enough—I understand you—Pray, proceed with your story.

The successful candidates mounted a triumphal car, which had been prepared at Merryman's theatre, and they were attended by all the rabble of it, as well as by a possé of constables and peace officers, to protect the *popular* Mr. Merryman from the tokens of the populace's regard. The people are always in extremes, and the only way they could devise on this occasion of testifying their respect for their favourite, Crispin Merryman, was by sending such a shower of mud, dead dogs and cats, at the triumphal car, that the laurels with which it was thickly covered, (these *honours* probably having been foreseen,) could scarcely defend him from some of these marks of popular approbation. After parading about the manor in triumph, the *household* candidates adjourned to an inn, to drink success to *constitutional elections, and independent electors!*

The Reader. Pray, Mr. Author, what did men of *sense*—not the *senseless* rabble—think of all this corruption, mockery, and insult?

Author. Why amidst the vociferation of the people, a sober elector addressed them in the

words of the old frog in the fable, when a mischievous urchin was pelting himself and his companions with stones :—"This may be *fun* to you, my young thoughtless Sir! but it is *death* to us!"

CHAPTER XIII.

MORE HUMOURS OF POPULAR ELECTIONS; OR THE MOUNTEBANK DRIVEN FROM HIS STAGE.—SIMILE OF BEGGARS AND FOREST FLIES.

We cannot quit the humours of popular elections without giving the reader an account of the one which took place at the Staffordshire Arms. Although Merryman had made himself sure that his duplicity had blinded his old constituents to his ingratitude, and that no opposition would be made to his son Tommy; yet the *swinish multitude* readily perceive when they are illtreated and insulted, and, though slow to anger, yet their vengeance is only more certain and heavy. Tommy Merryman was sent down as if he had only to shew his face to jump into his father's cast-off shoes; but that father was no longer the staunch, the incorruptible, patriot and friend of the people; and his *old friends*, like

himself, had put on a new face. Tommy had no sooner approached the outskirts of the town than he found himself to be an unwelcome visitor:

> "It was not always thus: the time has been
> When this unfriendly door, that bars my passage,
> Flew wide, and almost leap'd off its hinges
> To give me entrance here; when this good house
> Has poured forth all its dwellers to receive me;
> When my approach has made a little holiday,
> And ev'ry face was dress'd in smiles to meet me:
> But now 'tis otherwise; and those, who bless'd me,
> Now curse me to my face."

Tommy was, however, not of a complexion to be ever put out of countenance, as the reader will conceive from the following sketch of his character. He inherited *all* his father's virtues—for he had none; he was heir apparent to his estate; but unless he could roll in the public treasury for many years to come, it would not be sufficient to pay all the debts which he had been all his life contracting; he had none of *his* talents, save those of drunkenness and duplicity,—if a fool, who was as easy to be seen

through as a gauze veil, could be said to entertain duplicity. He would have been a great knave if he had not been a greater fool.

Tommy's first visit to the Staffordshire Arms was previously to the election; and with a view of cajoling his father's old friends, he caused them to be summoned by a bellman, for the purpose of returning thanks to his father for the honour he had conferred upon them of representing them so many years, and of getting himself, of which he made not the least doubt, readily and joyfully proposed as his *worthy* successor. No one, however, could be found hardy or silly enough to make the proposal. Still Tommy was not disconcerted; he resolved to have recourse to his old trick of chicanery; for he had once before at a former election for the Cornish Arms, attempted to hustle a gentleman out of his seat through the dexterity of his law agents; but he had completely failed. He soon found out that one of the other candidates (there were two besides himself) was rather involved in debt, and, having tampered with one of his creditors, Mr. Purge-us, the solicitor of the Merrymans,

was ordered to issue a writ against him to put him out of the way during the approaching election.

> "I would not give, quoth Hudibras,
> A straw to understand a case,
> Without that admirable skill
> To wind and manage it at will;
> To veer and tack, and steer a cause,
> Against the weather-gage of laws,
> And ring the changes upon faces,
> As plain as noses upon faces."

Tommy and Purge-us set out together with the writ to arrest the candidate; but, contrary to their expectation, the electors were so enraged against their shameless conduct, that bail was easily found. They ferreted out another action, which was also put a stop to in the same manner. All the chicanery—all the public money—(Tommy was in office as well as his father, as we shall have to see presently) were of no avail against the spirit and just indignation of the electors! Tommy lost the day, and himself and his agents were obliged to slip out of the Staffordshire Arms, amidst the hisses, groans, and exultations at his failure of success, of the very

same people, who had formerly rent the air with joyful acclamations at his father's triumph.

Tommy was a busy body in all the private drunken scenes (for his father had too much sense to bring him before the public, to his own disgrace) of the election at the Westminster Arms, one of his ignorant witticisms deserves recording, not for itself, but for the severe and just chastisement which it drew upon himself and his father. One night after the election was over, and his father's success was tolerably certain, Tommy, in the intoxication of wine and victory, speaking of Paul Sheers, said that he should only *raise* him in the estimation of society, by kicking him out of it. The pope's toe, it seems, had not more honour in it than Tommy Merryman's. This senseless and bully-like sally drew down the manly resentment and wit-pointed lash of Cobwell, whom we have before mentioned as one of Sheers's friends.—"Who is this Mr. Thomas Merryman," said he, "that assumes to himself, of a sudden, such important consideration? What pretensions has he to any thing respectable or good?" We never heard of him till very lately, except as a

gambler or a *street-lounger*. He was said to have held some office under the *Rising Sun*, who was himself, only a colonel; but, suddenly, without any knowledge of military tactics, he becomes aid-de-camp to a general officer, whom he offended by his drunkenness and profligacy. He then gets another place (almost a *sinecure*) of 2,000 *livres* a year, whilst veterans, covered with wounds and glory, starve in garrets upon half-pay. And Merryman, the father, who so long clamoured against the corrupt profusion of former stewards, occupies a place of twice that sum, besides *private pickings* which are to be made. In a word, the Merrymans are a sort of *manerial* paupers, who, like sturdy beggars, tell you:—"Here we are—out of employment and without a fortune—you must either find us work, or maintain us idle;" in plain English, you must either give us places or pensions. "Some have compared them to ticks; others to leeches, who derive nutrition by sucking the blood of the country, and never dropping off till they are gorged; but I know of nothing to which they may be so aptly compared, as to that insect called the *Forest*

Fly, which, at one time, buzzes in the ear—the next, annoys the nostril—and, in short, there is no part of the body so foul, at which it will not seek an entrance in search of its gratification."

Well, reader, art thou satisfied with these humours of popular elections?

The Reader. I am satiated even to disgust. As *Autolicus* says:—"I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses; I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive."

CHAPTER XIV.

SOME SAGE REFLECTIONS ON POPULAR ELECTIONS.—AND EXAMPLES OF PERSONS IN HIGH LIFE, WHO HAVE BURNT THEIR FINGERS BY OFFICIOUSLY MEDDLING WITH THEM.

WHERE the *executive* and *legislative* powers are vested in the same person, there can be no liberty, because that person may enact tyrannical laws, and execute them in a tyrannical manner. There is also no liberty if the *judiciary* power be not severed from the executive and legislative powers; were it joined to the latter, the judge would determine according to his will; and if to the former, the life and property of the subject would be liable to arbitrary controul.

Liberty, in its rational sense of the word, is that security which one enjoys for his person and property, and that cannot exist where the same man, or body of men, exercise the whole three

or any two of these powers, as may be rendered plain to the meanest capacity, by an attention to the common occurrences of life.

As the people are too numerous and dispersed to meet in consultation on every occasion, representatives are necessary. These ought to act according to the general sense of their constituents, where it can be come at; where it cannot, they are bound to take such steps as shall appear to them most consistent with their interest, without having the least regard to private interest, unless as an individual of the same society.

Now where, as was the case in Freeland, the legislative body were to be chosen as well from the tenantry as the gentry, what liberty could exist, if the executive power made use of the public money to controul their elections, and buy over their representatives to wink at this scandalous profusion? The legislative power, in such case, is in the executive, and then, as we have said before, there can be no liberty.

It is for the admirable precision with which these powers are distinguished, allotted, and kept asunder, that the president Montesquieu gives the preference to the English constitution over

all others. "Whoever," says he, "shall read the admirable treatise of Tacitus on the manners of the Germans, will find that it is from them the English have borrowed the idea of their political government. This *beautiful system* was invented first in the woods. As all human things have an end, the state we are speaking of will lose its liberty — it will perish. Have not Rome, Sparta, and Carthage, perished? *It will perish when the legislative power shall be more corrupt than the executive!*"—Far, far distant be the day!

But to return to Freeland; where this corrupt state really existed, and matters appeared to be hastening to that end which all human things have. Several preceding Lords of the manor had attempted to exert undue influence over the electors and the elected, and some of them had cause to rue the attempt, as we may collect from the following extract, from an ancient dedication to a subsequent lord—one lord William. We shall make no apology to the reader for introducing it, as it will apply to any emperor, king, potentate, or sovereign, as well as to any lord of a manor, in a similar situation.

"When our lord's mansion-house is on fire, and his beloved person is in the midst of the flames, the meanest of his tenants hath the privilege to give him warning of his danger; and this, I am afraid, sir, is too near our case, or I would not have assumed the boldness to disturb your tenants, or have placed myself so disadvantageously before your lordship, as I must expect to appear under the character of a public censor of your *household*. I know the common answer to these kinds of complaints is, that it is more easy to find faults than remedies. If you please, sir, we will consider of remedies:—first, be pleased to remove from your person, councils, and offices of trust, men bred up and confirmed in principles destructive to our constitution, and who rob you of the affections of your liege tenants."

"A Freeland lord, is the greatest lord upon earth, where he rules over the hearts of his tenants; and all other methods to power and greatness have been found ineffectual in Freeland."

"*Purgatives* will not alone perfect the cure of your *household*, and restore it to perfect health;

you must make use of *alteratives* too : there must be a change of *measures* as well as a discharge of men ; and the method, which I humbly offer, is this ; first, to make the interest of Freeland your chief aim, and since you are the Freeland lord, to become entirely a Freelander."

" In the next place, sir, let me desire you *to avoid concerning yourself in elections of delegates to the Common Hall, or influencing them when chosen.* Representation is a sacred part of the Freeland constitution, and, like the Israelites' ' ark of old,' not to be touched profanely : therefore, sir, it will be your true interest to leave the people free to their choice, and their representatives free to their opinion when chosen. It still is fresh in our memories how much the practices of our late lords, in corrupting elections, and closeting delegates, enraged the tenantry, and they had reason to *repent* it. All these things, therefore, are to be most carefully avoided by your lordship. You must by no means, sir, give this occasion of clamour, and recrimination to your enemies ; but be pleased to follow this general rule—always to beware of the *household*,

and avoid the schemes and counsels of those corrupting and closeting lords, and then you can scarce err; for, whatever is opposite to their principles and practices, is the direct road to your security and success."

Yet — notwithstanding the examples which this ancient author holds out of the attachment of the tenants to their *genuine constitution*, and, particularly, to the rights of free election, and of the successful resistance which they had made to any encroachments on them, the same system of corruption continued to the time of which we are now writing the history, and seemed to have increased! — If any *partial* infringement was made on the liberty of the Freelanders, their mouths were instantly closed by some placeman's telling them that it was for the preservation of *the whole* from the levelling system of the Gulls; if any of them cried—"Shame on such infringements!"—they were stigmatized as *levellers* and *persons disaffected* to *their glorious constitution*, which, like a military standard after a desperate action, was all in tatters. Unthinking men were urged on to brand them as unworthy to tread their own native land, by some-

what like the following expressions :—" We have seen the fatal effects of levelling characters, distinctions, and ranks, in another country : we have seen that the very levellers themselves had but their day, and that their turns regularly came to ascend the scaffold, and pay the price of their crimes one after another : we have seen commotions and troubles begun in neighbouring *manors*, which have pervaded all the country round : we have seen crimes, bloodshed, murder, rapine, and every kind of robbery, legalized by almost every one of the different forms of government established in the unhappy country of which we would warn our happy countrymen to beware of following the example : we have seen at last a tyrant and usurper, by his abilities and his crimes lording it over almost the whole country. Let us then take warning, by these fatal effects, not to follow the same wicked causes, lest we come to the same miserable end : let us mark with becoming indignation, the man, or set of men, who, for interest, malice, or any other base passion, would deceive us by his sophistry, into permitting or acting the same unfortunate scenes

over again that we have seen, and now, I trust, know how to appreciate, in another country."

Now, who that has seen all these things stands in need of all this declamation to warn him from falling into such a miserable abyss, and coming to the same miserable end? It happened, however, that the corruption of the government, and not of the people, brought about this miserable end, and many honest men, who openly supported the government of Freeland, secretly petitioned heaven, that a similar corruption might not bring on a similar miserable end. With submission to sense and reason, all the above sophistry could never prove that, because the Gulls had overthrown their constitution and murdered their Lord, the tenants of any other manor ought to resign all their own rights into their Lord's hands, and become his abject vassals or villeins, to convince him that they had no such designs.

For what end were written charters and laws designed, but that every man concerned, may read—reason upon—and act according to them? If he broaches treasonable opinions, there is law

to punish him; if not, it is ridiculous, too ridiculous to stigmatize, as one disaffected to the constitution, a man whose sole aim is to assert, and to urge others to assert, the rights of the community—to display the dignity of man, and not to be led by the nose as tenderly as asses are." The vulgar adage says, "That which is every body's business is nobody's." The sycophants of power know this to be a fact, and the most sure method of subjugating a community, is by decrying those individuals who would wish them to look a little into their own affairs, and to see that they have their due. If the ministers of corruption, and advisers of tame submission, are to be the only expounders of the constitution, there is an end of it at once; there is no longer any constitution to maintain, and when that is gone, there is nothing worth the tenants troubling their heads about. They have no security for either person or property: and a wise government will consider whether it be worth while to reign over the slaves, who may as well be slaves to one person as to another, at the risk, perhaps, of not reigning at all; for where there is nothing to defend, there will be nobody to de-

fend that nothing; or whether, on the contrary, it will not be better, to reign over men, against whom,—

"Unless corruption first deject the pride
And guardian vigour of the freeborn soul,
All crude attempts of violence are vain;
For firm within, and while at heart untouch'd,
Ne'er yet by force was Freedom overcome.
But soon as independence stoops the head,
To vice enslav'd, and vice-created wants,
Then to some foul corrupting hand, whose waste
Their craving lusts with fatal bounty feeds,
They fall a willing undefended prize.
From man to man th' infectious softness runs,
Till the whole state unnerv'd, in slavery sinks."

THOMSON.

CHAPTER XV.

RUINS! RUINS! RUINS!—THE SQUIRE CUCKOLDS A TAYLOR, AND IS KNOCKED DOWN BY HIS GOOSE.—DEFINITION OF THE WORD HONOUR.—HERCULES TURNS A SPINSTER.—A VERY PROPER REMONSTRANCE TO BRING A VERY GREAT MAN TO HIS PROPER SENSES.—CONCLUSION.

When we see an ancient, venerable building falling to decay, our sympathy carries us back to the æra, when the now mouldering and silent walls, resounded with the mirth and jollity of those human beings who have long since fallen to dust; we admire the perseverance and ingenuity of the architects of former times, and we respect the tottering remains of their labours; we deprecate the barbarous hand that hastens their fall, and removes every trace of them to make way for modern improvements. In like manner did every one, in those days of which we are now speaking, look on the venerable

mansion-house of Freeland Manor, venerable even in its state of dilapidation, and of threatening ruins. The tenants perceived with keen regret and swelling indignation that in order to make way for (what were absurdly styled) *modern improvements*, the whole of that majestic fabric had been much injured by removing the substantial buttresses, which would have defied the shocks of ages, and substituting in their place, light, airy, and feeble props. It was evident that these modern dabblers in brick and mortar were no more to be compared with the original founders, than a Satyr with Hyperion, no more worthy of replacing a stone of their laying, than a miserable sign-dauber of the present day would be to re-touch the paintings of Apelles or Zeuxis.

The tenants were but too well aware that they were so over-burthened that they could not promise to play the Atlas much longer, without some very great change of measures, and that if they should sink under their monstrous load, and suffer the pile to fall to the ground, they would never be able to rebuild so as to bear the slightest resemblance to what it had once been.

The Squire, indeed, gave some symptoms of a

change of measures; but the new ones were of a worse complexion than the old ones. His taste began to vere about from antique and ell-wide beauty, to that which was youthful and moderate sized; but he was most unhappy in his choice, or we should have rather said *happy*, if he had received a lesson that whatever other privations a Freelander might submit to for the good of his country, or even for the support of the profligate extravagance of a debauchee, he would part with his life before he would suffer himself to be deprived of his honour. The fact was, that—

" ————Some treach'rous cupid led
" His sportive footsteps to a *Taylor's* bed."

In hapless hour for the poor Squire! for the husband was not only impolite enough to interrupt his sport; but with all the vengeance of insulted honour and manhood, he flung his *goose* with so much wrath and violence at the shameless usurper of his conjugal rights, that had his sudden rage permitted him to have taken a cooler aim, the *Rising Sun* had set, never to rise again! As it was, the *goose* made him stagger,

and brought him to the ground with a severe wound, and it was hoped, a salutary admonition against trampling upon the honour of free and independent men.

It was a brave Taylor! he deserved a higher rank among the demi-gods than either Mars, Hercules, or Theseus, and his *goose* was more worthy of a place among the constellations than *Berenice's wig*. It carried a weighty proof with it that the whole manor was not so debased, degraded, and sunk, but that it was dangerous to touch their honour, however they might submit to have their pockets turned inside out.

Commit a breach of hospitality! violate the wife of your entertainer!—Hospitality is a sacred law, a public interest, as every man must, sometime or other, have stood in need of it, and be aware of its advantages. Was it from such a source as a violator of the laws of hospitality that the Freelanders were afterwards to look for all the streams of honour, rank, and dignity, which were to flow through their estates?—Was it from such a source they were to expect the support and maintenance of justice, equity, and morality? It was likely to prove a very muddy

stream!—They hoped, however, that a check was put to the trampling upon their private honour and happiness, as the fear of punishment will very often bind those to their good behaviour, whom honour cannot.

Honour!—aye honour;—not in that false, hackneyed, and prostituted sense in which that word is miserably misapplied; but that honour of which *Seneca* speaks, when he says, "that were there no God to see or punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature;"—we mean not that honour which deems it more honourable to revenge a lye given, than to desist from telling it; not that kind of honour which is ever ready to defend reputation by risking life, but pays not the least attention to the establishment of it on the basis of virtue; not that kind of honour which takes away the life of a brother who demands reparation for the seduction of a beloved sister; not that kind of honour which braves the vengeance of an injured husband and hospitable entertainer, and scruples not to violate his bed, under his own roof; no, we would be understood to mean that kind of honour,—the only genuine

one, which is a stimulus to great, good, and virtuous actions; which is ever ready to contribute to the ease, happiness and enjoyments of our fellow creatures; which will not suffer its own dignity to be trodden under foot, nor will undermine that of others; in a word, that honour—

> " ——which is its own reward and end,
> And, satisfied within, cannot descend
> To beg the suffrage of a vulgar tongue,
> Which, by commending virtue, does it wrong."

This honour is of so fine and delicate a nature that it can only exist in minds naturally noble—

'Twas all a mystery to the Squire, who had been stunned by the contact of the taylor's goose!

The tenants had not, however, the satisfaction of finding, that the Squire had changed his taste for extravagance; on the contrary, it seemed to increase with unabating furor. The new apartments at Snarldown-house were announced to have been opened in all the style of *eastern* magnificence, and consequently at five times the expence which an eastern monarch would have paid for it, as every article was imported from

the east at that advance in price. This intelligence must have afforded the tenants great consolation under the new taxes which were about to be levied upon them!

Moreover, that very valiant Squire who, only a short time before, when the boasting Bantam threatened to invade Freeland, affected to be roused up as if—

> " His martial blood began to warm apace,
> And boil'd and flush'd into his kindling face,
> And much he long'd to strive in glory's race;"—

—That very Squire who asked to lead the renowned Freeland warriors to pour down their vengeance on the heads of an arrogant, insulting, and invading enemy; and to set them the example of enduring all the hardships and toils of war and camps for the glory of their country; —that very Squire put the tenants to the expence of thousands of *livres* for a *down-bed* to rest his *silken limbs* upon. He also purchased a *shawl* at the price of one-hundred pieces of gold, to make a dressing-gown soft enough, and gave fifty pieces more for another shawl to line and make it warm enough for those *armour-*

bearing limbs! What OMPHALE had put her distaff into the hands of this would-be Hercules! —Tut, man! Do thyself more justice, and, as Shakspeare says,—

"Hang a *calf's-skin* on thy recreant limbs."

The tenants now began to see the folly of giving way, in the two first instances, to the payment of exorbitant debts, which there was no call upon them, either in reason or justice, to discharge. If the *pipers* had been convinced that no one would pay them but those who actually *danced*, there would have been *less piping*, and, *consequently*, *less to pay*.

The Reader. Why, surely, there was nothing more to pay?—

The Author. Nothing! It may be nothing to some folks; but our authority thought it a *dreadful reckoning*. It was whispered about, previously to the meeting of the Common-hall, (as was usually practised by the steward when any disagreeable tidings were to be announced to the people, in order that they might be prepared for them, and have time to chew the cud of resentment and swallow it again) that another ap-

plication was to be made for the discharge of a new arrear of the Squire's debts, amounting to nearly——a *million* of *livres* ! ! !

The Reader. Could there be found a man so dead to all sense of shame as to propose such a measure; or many of a similar complexion to support it?

The Author. What has been, says the old saying, may be again. If a steward, who is himself bound by the *ipse dixit* of his master, or certain to be turned out of his place, prefers his place to his honour and the esteem of the tenants, acquiesces in bringing forward such a measure, the whole of his party, who have found their way into the Common Hall through the gates of *corruption*, are obliged, and they are base enough to think it no hardship to follow their will o'th' whisp leader through the most crooked, and foul lanes and bye-ways. The man, who is taken into the steward's *service*, (as I have heard him described) must, from that moment, become an absolute creature to his will, and stick at nothing to carry on his designs, since it was upon that account only, that he was preferred before men of virtue and understanding. He must assert

falsehoods, maintain absurdities, and reconcile contradictions. He must be a pimp, a parasite, and a buffoon, as occasion requires. He must jump over sticks, and lick the spittle of his master. He must lie, swear, suborn and betray. He must have no opinion, nor conscience of his own. His passions and appetites must always be under command, and his heart and tongue move only by direction. In short, he must be as mechanical as a *clock* or *puppet*, acquiring that by *habit*, which is a necessity in them; but, above all, he must be constantly ready at a *dirty job*, and take it as a *peculiar honour* to be concerned in actions which deserve the *gallows*. Nay, he will, sometimes, find himself obliged to mortify a corrupt heart, and thwart a mischievous disposition, by being employed in the cause of truth, virtue, honesty, and justice, whenever they happen to strike in with the views and interest of his noble master. And, to sum up all in a word, he must, while living, be the most contemptible slave in this world, and, when dead, run the risk of being d—d in the next.

After what has been said in a former part of this work on the subject of the *humours* of *po-*

pular elections, it must be supposed that such were the *greater part* of these guardians of the tenants, and there was nothing to prevent the measures being brought forward, and, in all probability, carried, but the late dreadful misfortunes, and the consequent gloominess of the times. It was an invariable rule with the stewards to wait for some good news, at which periods they took advantage of the joy of the tenants, and levied upon them those taxes which were revolting to sober reason. In order that the obloquy of measures obnoxious to the people might not fall *exclusively* upon the men who voted for them, it was also rumoured, that the delegates were in future to debate *clausis januis*, and that no strangers were to be admitted, as if they were ashamed that what was said within doors should get without them.

The Reader. Why then the tenants were fools if they did not make the Common Hall a temple of Minerva.

The Author. What relation could there be, my dear sir, between a Christian debating society and a heathen place of worship?

The Reader. Turn to the life of Pausanias.

Cornelius Nepos informs us, that when that traitor took refuge in the Temple of Minerva, '*statim ephori valvas ejus ædis obstruxerunt:*' blocked up the doors, and left him to his meditations.

The Author. And so you would have had the tenants of Freeland manor leave their delegates to their last debate! Well, if they deserved it—if, like Pausanias, they were traitors to their country—why, it would have been no matter if they had been served the same sauce. But we have not got to that part of our story yet, and hope we never may. The Freelanders, although they had reason enough to find fault with the management of their public affairs, were not so unreasonable as to charge their managers with the blame of misfortunes which were the inevitable lot of humanity; and, as they had a well grounded confidence in their own exertions whenever these were called to the push, they would not betray their dismay by whining out:—

"No safety can be here for virtue;
Where all agree to spoil the public good,
And villains fatten with the brave man's labours;
We've neither safety, unity, nor peace,

For the foundation's lost of public good;
Justice is lame, as well as blind, amongst us;
The laws, corrupted to their ends that make them,
Serve but for instruments to some new tyranny,
That ev'ry day starts up t'enslave us deeper."

They were not yet driven to the state of those

"Who curse the great, and threat rebellion."

No; far from it! They hoped that the common danger would yet open all eyes to the common safety, and that the clouds of misfortune would be dispelled before the face of the sun of joy, and afford them brighter prospects. It was necessary, however, that the great should commence a reform, and that those who had most to lose should not be the last, as they had hitherto unaccountably been, to stand up in defence of it.

After this last report of the *sum total* of the Squire's extravagance, it was thought highly necessary to acquaint him that such misconduct must have the worst consequences, not only by adding to the almost intolerable burthens of the tenants, but by making them entertain a con-

temptible opinion of, and consequently weakening their attachment to their *lord apparent*, from which the greatest evils must result, as there can be no prosperity where there is not an unity of welfare and interests between the governor and the governed. The former is, or ought to be, the guardian of the latter, and the latter the support of the former.

> "When free-born men, by Providence design'd
> Both to protect and propagate their kind,
> Did first their brutish appetites pursue,
> Nature alone was all the law they knew.
> When sense was guardian, and when reason young,
> 'Twas then the weak submitted to the strong;
> Then, as the bull walks monarch of the ground,
> So, Nimrod, Cæsar, and the rest were crown'd:
> For he, who could protect and conquest bring,
> Was, from a captain, ripen'd to a king:
> Thus they the people's safety made their choice,
> And Heav'n approv'd it by the people's voice;
> It is their choice the noblest titles brings,
> For subjects are the surest guard of kings."
>
> BLOUNT.

They hoped to rouse the Squire from his death of honour, and if ever he was to be their

Lord, they hoped to see in him such a lord as would be the glory of his tenants;—if the *Rising Sun* was ever to arrive at its *meridian*, they hoped that he would bring to them light, heat, and warmth. They, therefore, drew up and presented to him the following remonstrance:—

SIR;

The past cannot be recalled, and the retrospect would be unpleasant if it did not afford us an insight into our errors, and into the means of retrieving them in future. The inhabitants of this MANOR, *solely by their good faith, rigid economy, activity, perseverance, and industry, have raised themselves to an unexampled height—have become the envy and admiration of all their neighbours. But they are now overwhelmed with debt in the support of your family, and of the ruinous measures of its stewards. The chief resources of our prosperity have been lately, if not wholly cut off, at least obstructed for a time, of which the Almighty alone, can foresee the end. What now remains to us? Oppressed as we are, we have to maintain and bring to a conclusion our unprecedented struggle with a vengeful, implacable, ambitious, rapacious, intriguing, and undermining foe,*

whose energy will rise in proportion as ours decreases. The same means, which at first gave birth to, and by a perseverance in them, established our prosperity and resources, are all that is now left us to re-establish them.

For Heaven's sake! for ours! or rather for your own! forbear, therefore, to add to the pressure which is already scarcely supportable! Above all, do not sanction, by your example, a corruption of the public morals, which must soon inevitably end in the ruin of the MANOR. *If the source be once poisoned, the whole stream must be contaminated. Pause, whilst yet there is time;—whilst public spirit is alive;—whilst yet there is any thing left to us to defend! As our means draw to an end, despondency will come on, and slavery is not far off. Heaven avert it!*

The Reader. What ensued after this pathetic and proper appeal to the Squire's *feelings*—for I will not be so harsh as to suppose him devoid of them?

The Author. We have now come to the end of all that part of the MS. which has come to our hands. If the remainder should ever, by chance, fall into our possession, and should be

worthy of attention, we will communicate it with that *fidelity*, for which we take great credit to ourselves, in giving this former part of the *Rising Sun*.

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